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Salute to Spring

—Painting by RENE

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Watchers of the tropic night...

How searchlights keep guard on our Northern skies

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH
who visited a searchlight station in Darwin

MEMBER of a searchlight crew with the projector which throws the beam into the sky. A small wheel controls the sweep of the beam.

SPOTTER at a Darwin searchlight station. Two spotters are attached to each crew. They sit by themselves at some distance from the lights, in canvas and metal chairs elaborately constructed so that the spotter can sit or lie at any angle to watch the path of the beam. Pictures on this page were taken at Darwin by cameraman W. (Bill) Brindle.

In Darwin's only picture-theatre—an open-air one—one night two searchlight beams crossed on the screen.

Everyone took their eyes off the film and stared into the sky, where an R.A.A.F. plane looked like a silver moth in the light of the beams.

SEARCHLIGHTS are as much a feature of Darwin's night sky as the Neon signs in the capital cities down south.

When they are all in action more than 5,000,000,000 candlepower creeps on long fingers up and down the high blue dome of sky.

Range of the lights depends on the quality of the atmosphere.

Effective range—which means the distance at which a target will be lit—varies from nothing in a fog to 20,000-35,000 feet on a clear night. The maximum range would be infinity if it were not for the limitations of human eyesight.

Major Colin Harper, who is in charge of this highly-technical side of Darwin's defences, took me to one of his stations one night.

As we drove out, the beams, groping through the trees, looked ghostly and misty, like the ectoplasm shown in photographs of spiritualist seances.

A corps of nine men is in charge of each of these lights.

They live a remote life out on their little station, with its small mess, sleeping-hut, and a shower-room built of tree-branches.

Their water and food supplies are brought out daily, and pay and mail come out at regular intervals. Often they have to sleep while the rest of the armed forces are training during the day.

With the aid of the major's electric torch we found the light and its crew of three in a circular trench floored with sandbags.

The projector-controller let me work the lamp. A small wheel controls the sweep of the beam up and down the sky, and you walk round round the trench holding the wheel to move the direction of the light.

"Thirty - five degrees north-east," the N.C.O. directed.

I managed the north-east part all right by walking a few steps forward, but the 45 degrees was a bit eccentric and must have startled the other light crews miles away in the bush.

We set out for the listening-post in the pitch dark.

I was frozen with fright when a voice which seemed to come out of the ground ahead said: "Halt, who goes there?"

"A friend," said the major cheerfully.

"Stand and reveal yourself," the voice commanded.

The torch revealed me standing safely and unheroically behind the tall shelter of the major.

In the listening-post were three box-like electric sound detectors and two young experts with huge earphones over their ears.

I tried on one pair. They have long stems in their centre which seem to the uninitiated to go right into the middle of your head, but they enable the listeners to hear the faintest sound of a plane miles away.

A third soldier repeats the directions they give him over the field telephone to the light projector crew.

A few hundred yards away we met one of the two spotters, who have the loneliest job in these lonely little camps.

He sits by himself in a canvas and metal chair so elaborately constructed that it adjusts itself to whatever acute angle the spotter sits or lies to focus his binoculars on the sky.

Through the trees we could hear the chugging of the electric generator which supplies the power to feed the light.

Searchlight crews must pass severe tests to be eligible for their job.

SOME of the 5,000,000,000 candle-power of searchlight beams criss-crossing the Darwin sky.

Because it is exacting, highly responsible work, they are questioned on their trades and interests in civil life to gain some idea of their personalities.

They must pass a special eyesight test, and a test for binaural sense—which means getting the sound equally in both ears.

Binaural sense has been found good in a high percentage of recruits.

Do You Know The Advantages Of Being SLIM

The slender woman has all the advantages. Her splendid vitality, lovely skin and youthful figure are attained by the simplest of means. Bile Beans—just a couple at bed-time each night — keep her healthily slim.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. Taken regularly, they improve your health and vitality, and daily remove all fat-forming food-waste from the system.

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BILE BEANS

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

DR. HSU-MO

. . . First Minister from China

CHINA'S first Minister to Australia, Dr. Hsu-mo, has been Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Chinese Government since 1932.

He has had a distinguished legal as well as a diplomatic career. Took his Master of Laws degree at George Washington University, U.S.A., is a former Judge of the Shanghai Provincial Court and president of the District Court, Chingkiang. He will be known in Australia as Dr. Hsu, pronounced "Shoo."

MISS M. WAVELL

. . . Canteen worker

MISS MOLLY WAVELL, sister of General Sir Archibald Wavell, Commander - in - Chief, India, is one of Britain's mobile canteen workers.

England's South Coast is her beat. She drives a Y.W.C.A. tea car round outlying defence posts, delivering hot drinks and snacks to Home Defence troops.

MR. HARRY HOPKINS

. . . Created precedent

MR. HARRY HOPKINS, Administrator of the U.S. Lend or Lease Act, is the first non-Briton to attend a British Cabinet meeting. His presence at a recent War Cabinet discussion was a British tribute to Mr. Hopkins as a citizen of the United States.

In Washington Mr. Hopkins is regarded as President Roosevelt's closest adviser on domestic and foreign affairs.

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DING-DONG GIVES

Humorous Short Story

"I'll do it," said Ding-Dong, staring at Miss Hardwicke, but thinking of Angela.

By RICHARD ENGLISH

MR. DING - DONG WILLIAMS, as befitted the King of Swing, ran more toward soul than brains, and at times it could be very upsetting. This was one of those times.

His fiancee, Miss Angela Jones, had been coaching him all the way to Palm Springs and now, as they entered the city limits, Mr. Williams still had that vague look in his eyes. He was huddled in one corner of the roadster, absently fondling his clarinet. Being a true artist, he was never parted from it.

Angela glanced at him, filled with mingled love and despair. If she could only make him understand how much this meant to her!

It wasn't, she told herself, just the prestige and the money, though the latter would buy that little honeymoon house on Toluca Lake. It was more than that. It was the security and permanence they would have. No bride-to-be wants her wedded life to be a series of dance-hall dates and one-night stands. If he were to settle in Hollywood—

"Ding-Dong," she said. "Ding-Dong, have you been listening?"

He nodded, feeling on the small side as he always did when he looked at that pretty hair peeking under the kerchief, that cute turned-up nose and the clear blue eyes.

"I've been listening," he said gravely. "You don't need to worry, Angela. I'll act real bright."

She forgot the traffic then and impulsively leaned over and kissed him. So he had realised what it meant to her! Half of Hollywood had already been tested for the lead opposite Mona Hardwicke in "American Symphony," but not until yesterday had the screen's latest authentic genius, Dr. Gustav Folke, finally consented to interview Ding-Dong. Dr. Folke was not only the director of the picture but the exotic Miss Hardwicke's boy friend.

They parked the car before the El Miradoso and Angela, trailed by her dutiful upbeat, went in to the desk, seeking Dr. Folke. They were informed the director and Miss Hardwicke were in the plunge and Angela, never one to waste time, went out there after deciding to leave Ding-Dong in the lobby. There was no sense in taking any chances he might fall in the plunge.

Presently Ding-Dong stirred, unhappily aware that the tourists were staring at him and his famous clarinet. When Angela didn't come he rose and slid through the side door, intending to wait in the car.

It was another half-hour before Angela returned, accompanied by the director and star. Dr. Folke, she had learned, was addicted to a monocle, and he had resolutely refused to budge until his protegee, Miss Hardwicke, had left the plunge and the admiring glances of the young men.

Angela stared about the lobby, vainly seeking her betrothed.

"He must be out in the car," she said nervously. "He has to be!"

But he wasn't. The car was quite deserted.

"So?" the director asked heavily. "So maybe he don't want to meet me, yes?"

"Oh, no!" said Angela. "It's—it's just that he sometimes gets lost."

Miss Hardwicke sniffed.

Angela ignored her, giving the director her best smile. "He's probably just down the street," she said. "I'm sure we'll find him. He couldn't have gone far!"

"You find him," said Miss Hardwicke. "I'll be in the hotel."

They covered the four business blocks, the soda fountains, but no one had seen anything of a small man with a clarinet. Dr. Folke mopped his bald head.

"I go back to the hotel now," he announced. "I won't waste any more time."

Angela nodded miserably. She was still trying to think up just one more excuse when a police car roared past them, its siren screaming, and lurched to a halt before the El Miradoso. For the first time then she noticed the mob fighting to get into the hotel. She let out a little cry and sped after the police, leaving the outraged director surging in her wake.

The lobby was jammed with people—stars, residents and tourists alike—all struggling to press their way toward some unseen centre. Angela's ears confirmed her most horrible fears when she heard the sudden wailing cry of a ride clarinet.

Desperately she fought her way forward then, until she could see Ding-Dong happily holding down the centre of the lobby, sharing the guest spot with a moth-eaten burro and a blanketed Indian who stared stonily upon the crowd.

"Ding-Dong!" she wailed.

Mr. Williams waved her forward. "Look, Angela," he said eagerly, "an educated burro!" Then, before she could stop him, he lifted the clarinet to his lips, carving a hot pattern, two wailing licks and a riff. After due consideration the burro tilted back his head and gave out with three brays, two shorts and one long. Far back in the crowd a woman fainted.

The manager was tugging wildly at Angela's elbow. "Do something, lady!" he begged piteously. "This has been going on for fifteen minutes. You have to do something!"

There in the crowd she could see Mona Hardwicke's wide, fascinated gaze on Ding-Dong and, over her shoulder, the unstrung countenance of Dr. Gustav Folke. She had only to look at his face and she knew Ding-Dong's screen career had already died a horrible death.

"I'll do something!" she told the manager wildly. "I'll do it right now!"

She had already twisted the ring from her engagement finger and now she thrust it at Ding-Dong. "You can have it!" she said brokenly. "You can have it and your burros and your swing music! I don't want any of them!"

She was crying as she fought her way out through the crowd.

In the week that followed, the Palomar ballroom was treated to such jam sessions that the sanity of Los Angeles and suburbs was permanently impaired. Mr. Ding-Dong Williams was ensconced there and he arrived each evening looking more desolate than the night before. Angela had not only refused to see him but had left town without even a message.

So each night Mr. Williams found his only relief in going far, far out of the world, accompanied by some three thousand frenzied jitterbugs. From nine until one that wailing cry of a clarinet seeking its mate called forth the cats and alligators.

It was on Friday night that Ding-Dong noticed Dr. Folke and the exotic Miss Hardwicke in the blur of faces jammed around the band shell. Miss Hardwicke's eyes glowed and she watched Ding-Dong with the look that she usually saved for her best close-ups. The ones that worried the censors.

When the group was finally over, Ding-Dong sank down on the divan behind the stand, drearily contemplating a future that was minus Angela. He looked up after a while and observed Dr. Folke and Miss Hardwicke bearing down on him.

"Go away," he said. "I wanna be alone."

Dr. Folke froze at that but Miss Hardwicke was not so easily thwarted. She nudged the director. "Tell him," she ordered.

Dr. Folke removed his monocle. "We have decided!" he said ominously. "It is you who are to play opposite Mona!"

Ding-Dong closed his eyes, wondering why people wouldn't let him alone.

"You see?" Mona demanded triumphantly. "He's so overwhelmed he can't even speak!"

Dr. Folke was watching him, hoping fervently that his Mona had not been mistaken. For six days now she had insisted he give Ding-Dong the lead in "American Symphony". "Don't you see?" she had raged. "If you make an actor out of him, then the critics will admit you can do anything!" She had neglected to add that, personally, she was growing a little tired of open-throat juveniles. She gave best when her interest was aroused.

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BRIEF RETURN

By Mignon G. Eberhart

Tom moved aside, and I saw the figure stretched on the ground.

THE STORY SO FAR . . .

MISGUIDED loyalty to her sister ALICE impelled JENNY SHORE, with the help of MISS MARY CHACE, to try to conceal the murder of Alice's husband, BASIL HOULT. Hoult turned up one night, after a twelve months' absence in which he was supposed to have been killed, so that Alice happily remarried, but some hours later Miss Mary found him in the grounds, murdered.

Despite the efforts of Jenny and Miss Mary, DR. TOM TUCKER learns of the murder and calls in the police, after which numerous complications, including the murder of MARION SMITH, a local telephonist, confuse the case for SUPERINTENDENT BATES and SERGEANT WALTERS.

Though suspicion falls heavily on Jenny, especially as Basil was shot with her revolver, they eventually arrest RODNEY LOVEDAY, formerly manager of one of Basil's factories.

Going to call on his wife, CYNTHIA, as a gesture of sympathy, Miss Mary overhears a highly suspicious conversation between her and ALASTAIR EVANS, in which Cynthia declares her love for ALASTAIR, and gives him something, evidently of great importance, which she begs him to keep safely for her.

Miss Mary telephones Tom, trying to arrange to see him about this, but he says that he cannot come to her as the inquest has now been fixed for that morning.

Tom, as police surgeon, conducts the inquest, and he is in process of questioning Jenny.

Now read on.

ONE of the jurors stirred and muttered that he had a question.

Tom turned abruptly, frowning. "Well?"

The juror stood up. "Did Miss Shore inherit from Mr. Hoult as Miss Chace did?"

I could see the corners of Tom's mouth tighten. He said, however, pleasantly enough, that he would ask the witness.

"You've heard the question of the juror," he said to Jenny. "Did you inherit on Basil Hoult's death?"

"No," said Jenny.

Tom turned to the juror and made a little speech.

"There is, of course, no objection to suitable questions. However, the purpose of this Court is merely to establish the fact of violent death, not in any sense to establish evidence regarding the manner of, or responsibility for, death."

Tom went on rather quickly to dismiss Jenny before another and more embarrassing question could be asked. Yet it was true; he was quite within his rights and the inquest is, as he said, merely a legal recognition of violent death. Unless, of course, there is no doubt or question as to the cause of it.

Jenny was trembling when she returned to sit beside me.

Tom himself was the best witness, for he made a quick clear statement of the fact that he had been called at once, emphasising that feature, and had made an examination of the body with such and such results, all technical and medical and imposing. If there were still jurors whose questions were unanswered then they were also unasked, for Tom wound up the inquest with a cool briskness that still didn't seem to be haste. And the verdict was, promptly, as I have said, death at the hands of a person or persons unknown, which meant murder, and everybody knew that already.

There were still fewer witnesses for the inquest upon Marion Smith. The girl's landlady, one or two of her friends, Rodney and Jenny. And again Tom, who had been called in.

RODNEY said, again, that though he'd been in the building possibly at the time of the murder he'd heard or seen nothing except that closed door to the telephone exchange. Tom explained that it was impossible for him to establish the time of death closer than within three or four hours. The landlady offered a great many details of the girl's comings and goings, but nothing of any particular interest—except that she had seemed, so the landlady said, nervous and worried the last day or two of her quiet little life, and had hated the police inquiry.

"Did you think so at the time?" inquired Tom.

Well, no, the landlady admitted, she hadn't. It was only after the murder that she'd remembered it.

And then Tom got one of the girls as a witness, Nancy Briant, who proved to be one of the day telephone operators, and who told simply that Marion had tried three times to reach Jenny the morning before her death.

"Who answered Miss Chace's phone?" Tom asked.

"I think a maid," the girl answered. "I didn't notice."

"But you recognised the Tenacres number?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor Tucker."

He dismissed her and again called Jenny, who said in a low voice that she knew nothing of the telephone calls and could hazard no reason for them. And he didn't question any of us publicly about the telephone call Basil had made and presumably Marion Smith had taken. It was a conspicuous omission.

And the two or three friends, while more than ready to tell everything they knew of the dead girl—having, indeed, to be checked a time or two from needless rambling—obviously knew nothing of importance for they would have been all too anxious to tell it if they had.

That inquest, too, was all at once over and the same verdict was given.

A curiously perfunctory affair on the whole; and as brief and quick as Tom could in conscience make it. Yet I was terribly relieved when it was over. It isn't pleasant to testify before a jury—even at an inquest where they can't—or at least don't—find a verdict of guilty.

I hadn't, of course, had a chance for a word alone with Tom; indeed, I felt it just as well to avoid emphasising our friendly relationship. He didn't look at Jenny at all as he announced the inquest closed and turned to talk to Bates. We filed out of the room and took Rodney and Cynthia and Alastair home with us.

For, as I say, Rodney was released. "They did everything they could to find evidence against him," said Cynthia, getting into the car. "The lawyer said they didn't have a leg to stand on."

I looked at her curiously. The afternoon before, she'd had that scene with Alastair — had indeed, gone so far as to suggest their eloping, whether she actually meant to do it or not. And now she was all but cooing over Rodney, pleased at his release, delighted because they had had to let him go. Well, there were still all those things I now knew. It was queer, sitting there listening, and knowing what I knew. Yet her behaviour with Rodney was flawless.

And Alastair, sitting in front, beside Joe, had presented a completely remote and non-communicative but always affable manner. He spoke coolly to Cynthia and shook hands with Rodney, as if both commiserating with him on his arrest and congratulating him on his escape. Cynthia was equally self-possessed. Observing them together I could never have believed the conversation of the previous day had taken place had I not heard it with my own ears.

Rodney was still indignant although so far as I could see they'd treated him very well. However, it was the arrest he objected to, and I couldn't blame him for that. For the only evidence they'd had was his presence above the bank that night the girl was murdered and Bates' suspicions that all was not well about his erstwhile factory management.

"One thing," said Rodney with satisfaction. "They've cleared me completely. Nobody will ever again dare hint that I'm not honest. They had every penny accounted for that I'd ever touched, I think. They're lucky I didn't make a fuss about false arrest." He yawned gustily. "I'm terribly tired. They had me up most of the night."

We let them out at their own driveway. Cynthia paused to thank us, and the bright sunlight poured down upon her face, and for a fleeting instant it was haggard, a stiff, lined mask, with eyes that held something cold and fearful. It was only an instant; she moved and the face wreathed itself again in smiles and her large white hat shaded it softly so those suddenly etched lines were gone. But it was an instant that left me curiously shaken. She smiled and said they'd stroll up that afternoon.

"To talk over the inquest," she said.

"I'M going to sleep," said Rodney. "Thanks, Miss Mary."

We went on home, passing two weary-looking policemen at the entrance, where Alastair got out, saying he'd walk the rest of the way and definitely refusing my offer to send him home in the car.

"Tom managed the inquest very well," he said. "I don't think you need to worry. I'll be seeing you, Jenny?"

It was a question and she said "Yes" definitely and no more. Well, I would telephone to Tom again. I was beginning to feel oddly uneasy. It had been a mistake to permit any kind of delay.

But when we reached the house and opened the door, Mabel all but flung herself at us with the news that the house had been entered the previous night. Going a little belatedly about her bedroom work, she had discovered it while we were at the inquest.

The clothes-room at the foot of the attic stairs had been quietly and thoroughly ransacked. Drawers were turned out and boxes emptied on the floor and an indescribable confusion of clothes, old letters and magazines, shoes and sweaters, golf clubs and old tennis racquets lay over the whole small room.

And it had happened during the night, and there was no doubt of that. Mabel herself had been in the room only the previous evening to store some blankets in the cedar cupboard in the room and all was in perfect order then. And she also, eyes nearly popping out of her head, told us about the door that she had found open—unlocked and unbolted and standing wide open for anyone to enter. It was one of the french doors leading upon the terrace.

"It's a mercy we're not all dead in our beds," she said. "The police say it was an inside job, but I didn't let anybody in last night, ma'am!"

"The police! Have you told them?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, yes, Miss, of course. Two of them came in right away. They're waiting to see you, Miss Mary. In the morning-room."

I believe it was as I started towards the morning-room that I began to be possessed with a singular preoccupation with time. As if I were racing against it. Yet I had to talk to the police.

That interview and an intervening lunch which we shared with the police, and with Bill Waters (who arrived shortly after we did, summoned by the sergeant), took, with all its accompanying machinery of questions and fingerprinting of doors and boxes in the clothes-room, until four o'clock.

I knew, of course, nothing about the entrance into the house; and Jenny and Mabel, also questioned, had gone to bed at the same time I had gone and had heard nothing. Joe, questioned also, and taken to look at the door which had been left open, swore he had bolted it on his late round the night before.

It went on and on, but in the end we could not fix the responsibility for that opened door. Except that I could see for myself that someone inside the house must have taken off the bolt in the first place for there were no marks outside the door. It was not a nice thought. Yet no particular damage had been done. And so far as I could discover nothing was taken from the clothes-room. They questioned me about that, too; lengthily.

"But what did you keep in this room?" Bill Walters asked.

"As you see. We used it for general storage," I told him.

"Anything of value?"

"No, certainly not." I looked pointedly at a pair of old shoes.

Bill said thoughtfully: "What about these old letters and papers?"

"I don't know exactly what they are," I said. "Alice would know. They belonged to Basil."

When they finally went away he took a large bundle with him—the letters and papers I suppose that Alice had stored there. But if there'd been anything of value to anybody Alice would have removed it. I didn't know why she kept the letters; probably for the same reason she refused to let us get rid of Hugo or the swans.

Hugo! I remember that I kept looking out towards the shrubbery and along the hot, green lawn all that day, and I told Joe to be sure there was water in the dish in the kennel.

And time was going and I still hadn't managed to see Tom.

The police went away finally. And Tom didn't arrive and instead of telephoning to him from that house where doors opened themselves at night, I asked Joe to get the car out again and take me to Tom's surgery. By this time the policemen at the entrance seemed to be accustomed to my comings and goings, or at least resigned to it, and they let me pass without a word.

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DOUBTING HEART

"How would they regard me if I had no money?" Stephen thought, and decided to put his family to the test.

"Stephen, you mean we've no money? What has happened?" Margaret asked.

STEPHEN HARE arrived home early on that fateful Friday afternoon, ostensibly because things were slack at the office, but actually to see if that bounder Rickard was visiting his wife again.

As soon as he opened his front door and heard the confused babel of voices from the lounge he found himself listening intently for one particular voice—and despising himself at the same moment for not having more faith in his wife's loyalty and devotion.

But he heard the voice—the slow, deep, affected voice which women (even Margaret!) seemed to find so fascinating—and at once all the torturing jealousy which he had nursed these past months rose and engulfed him.

Then, to his surprise, he heard the girlishly musical laugh of his seventeen-year-old daughter. So Alicia was home—and why? The usual thing, he supposed wryly — money. The minx would cajole and flatter him into a sub., and then off she would fly to London again, to her art studies and that irritating young man with the dimples.

Stephen disliked Alicia's studying in London. He disliked her independence and assuredness, yet Margaret, Alicia's stepmother, upheld the girl. "Give the child something to do," she declared, "something to occupy her time and her mind, and she'll be happy. An occupation is what Alicia's type needs. And you can trust her, Stephen. Believe me, she's all right."

To-day Stephen noticed as he entered the lounge that Margaret was wearing her pearls—the famous pearls he had bought her as a wedding present.

Margaret was twenty-eight, and at moments like this, when her loveliness took his breath away, he was acutely conscious of the eighteen years between them; painfully conscious of Michael Rickard's age as compared with his own — for Michael was only two years older than Margaret. Wasn't it inevitable, therefore, that they should know a certain kinship, the attraction of each for their own generation?

As usual, no one noticed Stephen's entrance. This afternoon's bridge party had been larger than usual—one of Margaret's charity parties.

Stephen felt unwanted, neglected—an outsider in his own home. A home which was strangely unfamiliar when invaded by this gushing, chattering, over-dressed crowd of people. He did not know half of them and those who knew him were too busy gossiping and drinking tea to notice him.

Irritation rose, replacing his feeling of neglect. Still Margaret had not seen him. She had eyes for no one, it seemed, but Michael Rickard. Nor had Alicia, standing with her arm linked through Margaret's in that friendly, familiar way of hers.

And now, seeing that affectionate friendliness, which linked the two, so clearly marked, the mutual sympathy of thought and taste which, apparently, attracted them both to Martin Rickard, Stephen felt anew his own insufficiency. What was he, after all, but a man in his late forties, who had had the luck—at one time—to win the love of a woman so vital and lovely as Margaret? And what was he now—the mere provider of home and clothes and comforts?

Margaret had been twenty-five when she married him, three years ago. She had won over the stubborn, fourteen-year-old Alicia far quicker than he had expected. Eleven-year-old Peter had taken to her at once.

She had brought fulfilment and love and happiness into Stephen's life after years of loneliness, and the wonder of it, the miracle of loving her and being loved by her, had never left him, until Michael Rickard came along, shattering his peace of mind and security of spirit.

Stephen felt a sudden urgent need for something stronger than tea. He edged out of the room, sought Coates to demand a whisky and soda, but Coates, too, was carrying tea trays and had no time to spare for fathers who came home at inconvenient times and demanded attention.

Irritated, Stephen returned to the lounge. His resentment mounted. He could not get near his wife, and, although he was certain that at any moment she must see him and welcome him, she never did.

He found himself pushed against the wall again, this time by the slight, perfumed figure of a girl. It was Alicia. He seized her arm.

"You reek," he said, "positively reek of cheap perfume. I forbid it, at your age!"

He was seized by a sudden determination to assert himself. Somehow, his wife should be made to notice him: these people should realise that he was the host in this house, not Michael Rickard. He pushed forward without his customary reticence or kindly courtesy and seized his wife's arm.

By RONA RANDALL

"Margaret——"

She turned.

"Darling, you're home early! How nice—no, Michael, of course you mustn't make up the collection to a round figure! I won't hear of it. Mrs. Hunter, do have some more petits fours—good-bye, Mary! Lovely to have seen you—and you, Gladys Jean. I'll ring you about the Red Cross meeting——"

"Margaret!" repeated Stephen, ineffectively.

She slipped her arm through his, aware of him vaguely and kindly, yet absorbed in the business of being hostess.

"How are you, Stephen!" Michael tossed his greeting as casually as he would toss away a cigarette end.

Through the open french windows Stephen saw his son striding across the lawn. He was glad to see his son. His attempt to demand attention had proved ineffective. He moved away and met Peter as he threw his school books down on the verandah.

"Dad! I'm glad you're home early!"

Stephen's heart, at last, warmed.

"There's something I want to see you about," Peter continued.

The familiar, warning approach forced his father's uplifted heart down another inch.

"Well—what is it?"

"Can you let me have a quid or two?"

"What for?"

"Sports day sub. And I've just been elected to the Junior Selection Committee."

"Selecting what?"

That point was evidently a bit vague, for Peter continued as if he had not heard.

"And committee members are always expected to subscribe."

"Anything else?"

"Well, dad, I am trying to save up for a radio Smith Minor has for sale. It's a good one. He only wants thirty bob for it. I've got seventeen and six."

He spoke with his customary assurance, so confident that his father would not refuse, for father never did.

Stephen grunted. It was a noncommittal, disappointed grunt, but Peter accepted it blandly for consent.

"Thanks, dad. Hallo, there's old Michael! What-ho, Mike!"

He pushed through the gradually thinning crowd to Michael Rickard. Stephen stood alone again, watching his wife and son and daughter in the centre of a laughing group. He sat down wearily on the terrace, and waylaid Coates abruptly.

"Bring me some tea—at once."

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CLOUDBURST

A romantic short story

By ROLAND PERTWEE

DR. JOHN RUDYARD laid a salmon on the tray in the hall of the hotel, the first fresh-run fish caught since the three weeks' drought had ended in rain. A half-dozen salmon fishermen heaved themselves out of chairs to inspect it.

At thirty-five Dr. Rudyard was twenty years younger than any member of that fraternity. They viewed the fish in silence, then came the inevitable questions: "What did you take him on? Where? What fly? What size?" And so on.

"Lucky to get a fish on a rising river," said another, and glanced through the window. Rain was beating in from Pentland Firth.

Rudyard ordered a whisky and soda to be sent to his private sitting-room. The glass was still falling. For weeks he had longed for rain, but with its coming he felt frustrated and depressed; and a grumbling whisper of "beginner's luck" did not raise his spirits.

As he put the flies he had been fishing with on a sheet of blotting paper to dry, he reflected that these dyed-in-the-wool salmon fishermen would never truly elect him to their fraternity so long as his interests were divided. To join their ranks he must think and talk and dream of nothing but salmon. But that was hard for a man interested in the profession of doctoring, and with normal healthy appetites in other directions.

It was to subdue those appetites he had adopted the craft. For Rudyard was a romantic escapist. He had made one mistake and did not mean to make another. That mistake, whose name was Fiona, had nearly succeeded in blinking and pouting and little-meing him up the altar steps. Only at the last moment had he discovered that beneath the sugar coating she was hard as nails. Since the closure of that affair he regarded all sweet women with suspicion.

In a fishing hotel fifty miles from the nearest station the danger of meeting them was small, but to be on the safe side he had engaged a private sitting-room.

There was little in the newspaper of interest, but on the entertainment page was a photograph of a girl which, through the likeness it bore to Fiona, held his attention. Beneath was a paragraph which said:

"The production of the film 'Tartan Lullaby' has been postponed on account of an operation for the removal of Nonie Dale's tonsils. The voice of our English nightingale will, as a result, be heard to greater advantage than ever before. During her convalescence Nonie will visit the Highlands and study the life of crofters, since the new character in which she is to appear will be a crofter's daughter."

Rudyard dropped the paper and moved to the window. Nonie! The mere name was an insult to the intelligence. He had seen her pictures, at once fascinated and repelled by what, to him, was her shocking facility for the exploitation of synthetic charm.

Her voice was fresh and true as a bird's. But he guessed that, like Fiona, she was cunning, and designing; a creature calculated to inspire romantic yearnings, and fulfil none of them—a will-o'-the-wisp—a trip-wire for men's emotions—a . . .

He stopped inventing epithets as the girl herself stepped from a mud-splashed motor car into the wind-driven rain, which lashed her pretty cheeks and wrenched a coil of reddish-brown hair from under her hat. He heard her say: "It's too good to be true!" and was in agreement.

AT dinner that night Nonie wore a simple frock and no jewels. But Rudyard gave her little credit for that. Its plainness was a device to foster an impression of simplicity.

He was not alone in resenting her arrival at the hotel. Several of the tufty-faced fishermen viewed her with obvious displeasure, and Colonel Bessamer was heard to remark that Henderson, the proprietor, was insane to bring that kind of element into the place. "Most irregular! Distract the gillies' minds from their jobs. All wrong!"

Nor were their elderly consorts less hostile. On the north coast of Scotland they had not anticipated any competition to their modest allurements. But to outward seeming Nonie was unaware of the general hostility. She sat alone, wistfully watching long-backed breakers turn to cream on the sand bar, and barely touched the food placed before her. She did not wait for the meal to end, but rose and went swiftly from the room—a wisp of a girl with eyes that seemed to have captured and held the bright light shed upon them in the studios.

John Rudyard rubbed his forehead and found it damp.

In her aloofness Nonie had conveyed an impression of personal tragedy, courageously borne. With the position she held it was disgusting that she should have put on an act clearly designed to make an assault on male emotions.

Rudyard thought: "She'll be wasting her time if she tries her tricks on me." Nevertheless it was with the sense of having avoided an embarrassing situation that he entered his private sitting-room and walked straight into one.

Nonie was at the writing-table scribbling furiously in a penny exercise-book. She had carelessly swept the flies from the blotter, and some of them were on the floor. She flashed a glance at Rudyard and said:

"Come in. You won't disturb me."

The remark sounded ingenuous, but he was not deceived. He rescued the flies in a dignified silence.

"Did I knock them down? They are very pretty. What are they for?" she asked.

Rudyard flinched. It was exactly the sort of idiotic thing Fiona would have said.

"Fishing."

"Gracious! What sort of fish do they catch?"

"Salmon."

"Goodness!" and she went on writing.

As a doctor he noticed that her voice was husky and flat; the result, no doubt, of the operation. He picked up his fishing-reel and, moving to the sofa, wound the damp line in a figure eight between the thumb and little finger of his left hand. The check mechanism ticked like a runaway clock. After a little of that Nonie looked round and asked:

"Does it go on for long?"

"I beg your pardon."

"That ticking noise?"

"I can stop if it disturbs you." There was nothing friendly in his tone.

She gave a shrug. "I suppose it oughtn't to, but I haven't done any writing before, and little things put you off."

"I didn't know you were a writer," he said. "I thought your talents lay in another direction."

"Well, they did, but it's important to have a second string, don't you think?"

"If it isn't taking money out of other people's mouths. You've done pretty well at your job, haven't you?"

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Splendid crop of boom-town babies

AWAITING THEIR TURN to see flying nurse Sister Pomroy at the Whyalla Baby Health Centre are Mrs. Harry Strudwick, with Ivan and Coralie, who has wandered into the foreground, Mrs. W. J. Parkinson, with Bill and Margaret, Mrs. Mervyn Ottaway, with John and Wilton, and Mrs. Ron Kerley with Donald.

SISTER Mary Pomroy arrives from Adelaide for one of her fortnightly flying visits to the babies and mothers of Whyalla, iron and steel boom-town.

Flying nurse drops in fortnightly on Whyalla's welcome "little strangers"

By TORA BECKINGSALE

War has brought prosperity to Whyalla, South Australian town from which Sydney got its Harbor Bridge steel. With the boom has come a marvellous crop of babies. So fast are they arriving that they have their own flying nurse, who drops in on them once a fortnight.

She is a welcome visitor. Whyalla has grown from a hamlet to a young city in four years. Population has increased from 2000 to 6000 in the last four years. Just on 200 babies have been born in the Whyalla Hospital in the last year. There are 700 children at the local school and a large number under school age.

FROM every State in the Commonwealth, fathers of these youngsters have come to Whyalla to work for the Broken Hill Proprietary Company which is developing the iron ore of the district into steel for munitions, shipping and buildings all over Australia.

As construction work developed at Whyalla, men in settled jobs sent for their wives and children.

Whyalla now is mainly a young couples' town. It is a town where, if people have children, they are given first preference for available houses. It is a town where there is practically no unemployment.

While the jobs look secure couples are not afraid to have children.

Although fruit and vegetables cannot be grown in the town because of low rainfall, they are imported, and may be bought at only slightly higher prices than in Adelaide.

A cauliflower is about 1/4, oranges 1/6 a dozen, bunch vegetables 5d. a bunch, beans 1/6 a lb., peas 1/- a lb.

Babies in Whyalla are being brought up in several kinds of houses. The B.H.P. builds sandstone houses with four rooms, which may be gradually acquired by payment of about 25/- weekly.

Builders busy

THEY also build houses which may be rented at a low figure. The State Government Housing Trust is putting up brick houses for rental at about 17/6 a week.

Population, however, has outstripped building, and on the outskirts of the model town proper with its fine streets and splendid buildings is an area covered with temporary dwellings and caravans, which are the only homes of several hundreds of people who are waiting for houses.

The B.H.P. is putting up a house every six days, and with Trust houses and private buildings going up apace it is expected to have hundreds of new houses in the next few months.

When mothers bath their babies in Whyalla, they probably bath them in New South Wales water, or Victorian water, because in this amazing town to offset its very low rainfall nearly all the water is brought by boat from the eastern States.

It is siphoned into a huge reserve tank, and the town is fed by pipelines from the tank.

I gleaned all these things from various people in the plane going over to Whyalla when I flew with Sister Pomroy on her professional visit.

Sister Pomroy and I had got on the plane together at 2.30 in the afternoon.

She had brought weights for some new scales, to weigh the babies. She tucked these into the pocket on the seat in front of her, and then we lazily watched the view as we sped northwards.

Sister Pomroy is very calm about any new venture. She has nursed and pioneered in so many different places in the world.

She opened Bush Nursing hospitals at Jindabyne and Bemboka, in New South Wales. There were no doctors there, so she had to do everything for mothers before and after their babies arrived.

She has done work in New Guinea among native children.

She has nursed in England and in New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria. Baby welfare work has always been her speciality. She has particularly studied children's diet.

Family of nine sons

WHYALLA has some splendid families. Mr. and Mrs. E. Galpin have nine sons. Mr. Galpin runs a car service from Whyalla to Port Augusta, and three times a week Mrs. Galpin drives one of the smaller cars to Port Augusta.

She leaves the family in charge of competent help—that is if she doesn't take one or two of them along with her for the trip.

The boys were all born at Whyalla except the eldest son, Roy (15). They have grown up with Whyalla.

AT THE DOOR of her caravan home at Whyalla, Mrs. Ern Templer, with six-months-old Rosalind, chats with neighbor Mrs. Percy Tulley and Margaret, who live nearby.

Originally trained in Adelaide, now she is back there with the South Australian Mothers and Babies' Health Association helping to keep up its record as the State with the lowest infantile mortality record next to New Zealand at present, and the record low infantile mortality rate for the world in 1938.

This association sends her fortnightly to Whyalla. On her first visit, 52 mothers attended the centre.

Soon after we arrived I went out to see the camp-dwellers.

The area is like a big holiday camp, and very clean and orderly.

B.H.P. supervises sanitation. Buses go out there, and water is carted out to the tanks which are erected almost before the tents.

No poverty

THERE is no real poverty there. It is no uncommon sight to see a motor car under a lean-to next to the family's only home, a bag-covered shack lined with wood.

A large proportion of these people are married couples without families.

"We don't like it. But it can't be helped," was the verdict of several women with children who are camping, and to whom I chatted at the Baby Welfare Centre the next day.

Mrs. Ottaway and her husband and two boys, John and Wilton, sleep in a caravan, and a bag shack nearby is their living-room. Mr. Ottaway is in the electrical gang.

Mrs. Ern Templer has a very attractive caravan built for her by her husband, a laborer. It is silver painted with a crimson streak.

It is used as a living-room by this couple for themselves and small six-months-old Rosalind. They sleep in a tent and Mrs. Templer cooks on an out-of-door iron stove.

Near neighbor Mrs. Percy Tulley with small daughter Margaret and her husband sleep in a tent and have a shack for a living-room.

These were in a minority. Most mothers I talked to were typical of the prosperous growing town. Mrs. Roy Walker, who was at the Centre with her 18-months-old baby Janice, reported that they were living in a Company house of stone and they had just finished paying for it.

Baby Teresa, 13 months, and Janet, two, have a healthy outdoor life in Whyalla, with lots of rides with their father, Mr. Alf Muldoon, in his truck.

He is caterer for the B.H.P. mess rooms.

"I have to go out a lot and the children never give me a minute's peace when I am getting ready," he said. He has had a novel seat built for Teresa to hold her firmly in the truck.

A fine family of Whyalla's early days is the Kittels. The eight children of Mr. Sid Kittel and the late Mrs. Kittel are Ollie 20, Mavis 19, Anita 17, Connie 16, Sylvia 15, Glory 13, and the twins Roma and Ronnie 10.

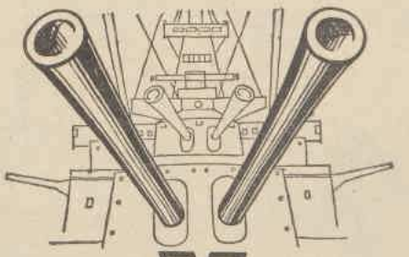
Other Whyalla twins are 20 months-old fair-haired Robert and Beverley Brandford. They live in a Trust house for which their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brandford, pay 17/6 a week.

With their sister Shirley, 4, the twins live most of their time out of doors, and are fat and chubby.

Fine big babies are many of Whyalla's new arrivals. Eight-months-old Moira Lombard weighs no less than 24lbs.

"Most of Whyalla's babies are a good average weight," says Sister Pomroy.

(See baby pictures page 9)



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THREE SAILORS from visiting U.S. warships look Brisbane over.

U.S. Navy's surprise visit delights Brisbane

City gave the "Gobs" a rousing welcome

By our Brisbane representative

Like the other three hundred thousand people in Brisbane, I have been trying to talk to visiting U.S. sailors about the war, but they won't say much about it.

"We are your friends. We fight our way, you fight yours. Let's shake." That sums up their remarks. But you get a strong impression that they're ready for anything.

THE visitors were out for a good time, and Brisbane, having wakened one morning to find the Yanks had come, was out to see they enjoyed themselves.

I found Ratings Dorr, Batersole, Tom Scott, and B. Padget in a city cafe consuming large plates of waffles and maple syrup.

They admitted they were as good as but not better than the waffles mother makes every Sunday morning way back home in California.

The girls who worked at the cafe were swell, too, so the sailors sat there eating all day till their new friends came off duty.

"It's not safe to move," they said. "Too many sailors about; competition much too keen."

Like the sailors who were here in March, they were all surprised and highly flattered at being asked for autographs.

It was the first time they'd experienced such a request. They enjoyed it, and also encouraged souvenir hunters.

Only complaint I heard was from Rating Duncan Demming, of Mississippi. It concerned the color of our coffee, which he likened to the color of the grey city street cars back home. He refused to admit Brisbane girls were better than Americans, but was having a grand time.

"Oh boy! the steak I enjoyed an hour ago would fill a horse—best I've tasted in months," he exclaimed.

He figured he was "pretty lucky." Six days before he left he was due for his discharge.

"I reckon while the war's on I'll stay right where I am," he said.

Drummers Bill Capwell and Frank Hefner, from California, engaged taxi-driver Larry Rose to be their friend and guide.

Bosom friends they are now, Larry describing the sailors as mates rather than passengers.

REAR-ADMIRAL TAFFINDER, in command of the two U.S. cruisers whose surprise visit has set Brisbane cheering and fluttering the stars and stripes.

U.S. CRUISERS Salt Lake City (top) and Northampton, which called at Brisbane.

Grand people

WITH 700 others they spent a night at the Trocadero, not jitterbugging, but listening to the band. They liked our music, which they found similar to the dance music at home.

Lieut. W. S. Parsons, of the cruiser Northampton, hails from Mississippi. He has found Brisbane very congenial.

"I've never met such friendly people in any place before," he said, and ran short of superlatives describing the welcome.

"Such a reception is wonderful considering this is a surprise visit. We merely dropped in on our training course to pick up provisions."

"Say, the boys who were here in March will be jealous about this," one high-spirited young sailor told me. "We're not really surprised at how you turn it on for us, because we've heard tell.

"But, how we like it!"

Everywhere in Brisbane I saw American sailors arm in arm with Australian soldiers.

"We just aren't allowed to use our own money, even when we can get it changed," the sailors said. "Everybody's so darned kind and generous."

Special trains took sailors to the North Coast, Toowoomba, Mt. Tamborine, and other beauty spots. Private entertaining was on a large and lavish scale.

The American Consul, Mr. J. P. Ragland, and Mrs. Ragland entertained at an informal evening reception on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. J. Huybers gave a late party on Wednesday night.

Charles Carper, of the Northampton, summed it up briefly:

"The beer is swell, the girls are swell, the reception is swell. We cannot find anything we don't like about Brisbane except the idea of leaving it."

WONDERED WHY SHE WASN'T *Lovable..*

SO THAT WAS IT! I'LL NOT RISK "B.O." AGAIN

Don't let "B.O." spoil your dates

Everybody perspires but nobody needs to risk making a bad impression. The busiest girl can keep herself fresh and lovable with Lifebuoy in her daily bath. Try it—the clean, bracing fragrance of Lifebuoy vanishes as you rinse but its protection stays.

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THESE ARE WHYALLA'S BEAUTIFUL BABIES

LOOKING for nurse are Janice Walker and her mother, Mrs. Roy Walker. They have just finished buying their typical Whyalla sandstone house.

NINE SONS. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Galpin with their sons, Roy, 15; Ken, 14; Max, 12; Rex, 9; Graham, 8; Lou, 6; Robert, 5; Brian, 3; Wallace, 6 months. Mr. Galpin runs car service.

FLYING BABY. Pauline Hambour, 6 months, and Mrs. Gabe Hambour, who frequently fly down to town.

PRAM PARADE. Sister Pomroy, flying nurse from Adelaide, welcomes early arrivals at the Whyalla baby health centre anxious for her professional advice for their offspring.

WHYALLA TWINS. Robert and Beverley Brandford take a walk with their mother and Sister Madge McConville.

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Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

"'Nocturne,' in 'Smith's,' recently brought me between £5 and £6."

"Three serials returned me £185."

"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £4/10/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 3LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £6/6/-."

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USE STA-BLOND THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

Ding-Dong Gives

Continued from page 3

"I DON'T wanna be in pictures," Mr. Williams said unhappily. "I just wanna be left alone."

Dr. Folke almost dropped his monocle at this treason.

"Why don't you want to be an actor, Ding-Dong?" Miss Hardwicke asked gently as she seated herself beside him. "Is it that you don't like me?"

"No, ma'am," he said haggardly. "It's just that I got enough worries already."

She got the whole story out of him then, and when he had finished she laughed gally.

"Why, you poor dear!" she exclaimed. "Don't you realise this is the part she was trying to get you? Think how she'll feel when she hears you got the part yourself! Think how proud she'll be!"

Ding-Dong's eyes widened slowly at that. He stared at her, thinking how surprised and pleased Angela would be if he turned into a film star with clarinet.

"I'll do it!" he said solemnly. "I'll become a real actor with fans and everything!"

Ding-Dong more than lived up to his pledge. Nothing was too much trouble if it would square things with Angela. Each morning he dutifully presented himself on the set, sometimes even remembering to wear make-up.

Leaving the projection-room where they had viewed the first week's rushes, Mr. Ancil Steinberg, the producer of "American Symphony," laid a fatherly hand on Dr. Folke's shoulder. "My boy," he said huskily, "you have done it again! Sometimes even smart he looks!"

Miss Mona Hardwicke was not so happy about the whole thing. Ding-Dong had persistently evaded all dinner and cocktail-party invitations, had even refused to be entired into her dressing-room for afternoon tea. After another tea-time refusal she studied him with a smouldering gaze.

"What is this?" she demanded. "Are you afraid of Gus or are you still carrying the torch?"

Ding-Dong stared at her. "It's not that," he said finally. "It's just that I don't drink tea."

Miss Hardwicke was not appeased at this stalleroo. "You would think I was something out of the old girls' home," she said bitterly. "You don't even put any ummph in our love scenes! . . . But it's all right, Ding-Dong," she added. "I like my men hard to get."

Mr. Williams quivered. The next day he arrived on the set reinforced by his faithful piano, Mr. Chris Ketridge, who, armed with copies of "Downbeat" and "Variety," took a place on the sidelines. He was still there in the weeks that followed as Ding-Dong heroically worked his way up the ladder of fame, as per script.

From a down-south boyhood (including a production number aboard a showboat) Mr. Williams presently emerged as a young composer hammer-and-egging it in a suds-palace ork. It was there that he met the beauteous Miss Hardwicke, who, conveniently enough, was an entertainer. They clashed, were reunited, and just when Ding-Dong dolefully realised that some heavy slush stuff was coming up war was conveniently declared.

His relief was only temporary. He arrived on the set the next morning in a state of despair. It seemed he had been up all night reading the rest of the script.

"Ah!" Dr. Folke cried bitterly. "So I must shoot four reels before my actors read the script?"

"I didn't want to know how it came out," Ding-Dong admitted apologetically. "I wanted to be surprised."

There was a stormy silence and then, "The last time I saw this picture they called it 'Alexander's Ragtime Band,'" he said soberly.

"So?" Dr. Folke roared. "What are you suggesting?"

"Well," said Mr. Williams, "I just thought that maybe we could use a different reprise. All pictures end with a fella kissing a girl. I'm not sure Angela would like it."

Even the director understood then that he was only trying to salvage his romance. "Go ahead and think up a new tag," he ordered, "and, comes to end of the picture, some Sunday we shoot your ideas."

"Thank you," Ding-Dong said gravely.

"American Symphony" was coming down the homestretch before he had worked out a suitable ending. Then one morning he cornered the director huddling on the set with the producer and tapped him eagerly on the shoulder.

"I got it!" he said. "Why couldn't we end the picture with me leading the orchestra, instead of just standing there in the garden making icky with Mona?"

Dr. Folke scowled. "I have no time——"

Mr. Steinberg cut him short, staring at Ding-Dong. "Like an idea it sounds!" he exclaimed. "Let's hear what gives!"

"That's all there is," Ding-Dong said simply. "It was just that I figured that a picture, like a broadcast, oughtta end on an upbeat."

"Broadcast?" said Mr. Steinberg, showing unmistakable signs of an attack of genius. "Picture?"

He turned and raced from the set.

Within an hour the wheels were in motion. For the first time Mr. Steinberg proclaimed to his fascinated supervisors they would broadcast the actual shooting of a picture. There would be an on-the-set recording of the lavish production finale while the whole nation listened in, hearing the same music —no substitute!—that they would get in the picture!

Thus, their curiosity whetted to a frenzy, eight or maybe ten million customers would be created like that! As the executive producer so modestly said, it was going to be the biggest thing for years in motion pictures.

It was. Wires were leased, mimeographs hummed, network engineers appeared, telephone calls spanned the nation. When the great day finally arrived, five hundred hand-picked socialite music lovers, all good Press names, packed the huge stage that had been remodelled into a replica of Carnegie Hall. Even Dr. Gustav Folke was impressed.

He turned to Ding-Dong, all done up in white tie and tails and nervously awaiting the red bulb that would mean the entire country was listening-in.

"Remember!" he hissed. "From all sides cameras are watching you and, once we commence, we cannot stop for retakes. Like Stokowski you must emote. Not only a hot clarinet but much hands must result."

"I'll give," Ding-Dong promised, wondering if maybe Angela would be listening-in. "I'll really send it away!"

THE red bulb glowed then, the introductions began and Ding-Dong suddenly found himself thrust before the microphone. The announcer was saying: "And now Mr. Ding-Dong Williams, who portrays the conductor of America's first swing concert, will say a few words."

Ding-Dong stared at him. "What for?" he asked politely. There had been nothing said about his making a speech.

"Because you're supposed to!" the announcer whispered. "Just tell them how it feels to lead a symphony."

"Oh," said Ding-Dong, staring at the microphone. Then, haltingly: "A gate who's never been a paper man, let alone using red-flannel stuff, hasta get off no matter what the score says. If he's gotta send, he's gotta send. I've been clambakin' ever since I got my first go-toy because a real rug-cutter hasta always be groovin' it in there with a solid send. So when a boogie-woogie card gets the wood on a long-hair combo, he still wants to get out and carve himself a chorus, even if there's corn instead of cats in every chair."

There was a stunned silence that was heard from San Francisco to Nantucket Light. Then, "Thank you, Mr. Williams," the announcer said weakly. "Thank you very much."

Ding-Dong nodded, glancing up at Dr. Folke, who was now riding the travelling crane, shooting down on the symphony. The director waved his hand and Mr. Williams lifted his baton. He brought it down with a flourish just as the cameras rolled.

Those eighty pieces hit the first bar as one instrument. Now strong, now lightly and politely, they executed a symposium of swing, ending with a flourish. Then Mr. Saxy Klein rose and bit into a torrid sax overture, furnishing the get-off on the surprise number that was to be the picture's finale.

As the full orchestra came in, a section at a time, listeners and audience alike learned for the first time that "China Boy" had finally entered the hallowed halls of classical music. If Mr. Williams could believe the script, he had been inspired by the lovely Miss Mona Hardwicke and had written this for her in his earlier and hungrier days. Now, a famous composer, he was officiating at his concert debut.

The woodwinds, strings and brass were all in there with imposing breaks and counter-harmonies, building it up for the final sock chorus where Ding-Dong was to take it away. It was fine, solid swing, but as a salon piece hardly anything to keep the Philadelphia Symphony awake nights.

Please turn to page 12

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Gardens will soon be coming into their springtime glory—but if your neighbor boasts of his magnificent nigella he's only using a more highbrow term for

Forget-me-not — phlox — mignonette—love-in-a-mist.

2—Into the news leaped Major-General Douglas MacArthur when he was recently appointed

American Ambassador to China —leader of the British economic mission to Russia—Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in the Far East—Commander-in-Chief of the Australian garrison at Tobruk.

3—Certainly have puree for dinner. It's a kind of

Soup—stew—gravy — pudding sauce.

4—CD. No, we're not saying the alphabet. That's how Julius Caesar would have written

140—400—900—550.

5—In its derivation, milady's "boudoir" means a

Powdering room—sulking place —gossiping corner—stage for fashion parades.

6—No doubt you know plenty about Winston Churchill. Or don't you? Anyway, do you know that his full Christian name is

Winston Mervyn George—Randolph Winston — Winston Leonard Spencer — Winston Henry Randolph.

7—Come on, artists! Raw sienna, in color, is

Brownish-yellow — dark red—bright orange—very dark brown.

8—At least international upheavals are good for our geography. For instance, we now know that Saigon is in

Malaya—Indo-China — Thailand—Russian Poland.

9—We meet the famous Pecksniff in Dickens' novel:

Barnaby Rudge — Pickwick Papers—David Copperfield—Martin Chuzzlewit.

10—Fiscal? Oh, yes, that means

Decreed by religious authority —civil, as opposed to military—controlled by municipal authority—pertaining to the public revenue.

Answers on page 36

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G.18.24

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Two sisters successfully run 58-acre farm

They make venture pay in spite of dry-weather handicaps

By a Staff Reporter

Two girls at Agnes Bank, near Richmond, are proving that mixed farming is one job on the land that women can tackle with success.

They are Minna and Gladys Dole, who run their own 58-acre poultry and vegetable farm without finding that any of the work involved is beyond their strength.

MINNA DOLE, of Agnes Bank, near Richmond, gets ready for the day's work. She ploughs the lettuce paddocks, does the hard work of the farm.

THE property which they are building into a payable proposition is their second venture into agriculture.

Drought beat them at Badgery Creek, where they took up their first holding five years ago.

Although now again threatened by drought in their second exploit, they are well on the right side of the ledger this time.

Moving force behind this feminine farming experiment is Minna Dole.

The property for which she and her sister paid £2700 is now worth considerably more.

Up till fairly recently Miss Dole found it easy to get a man worker to assist them, but now she is anxious for a girl to join them to be trained.

They can do with help. There are 400 fowls needing constant attention, about 270 eggs to be collected, washed and packed daily. Gladys Dole looks after that and the dairy work, too.

For Minna there are crops of corn and millet and green feed to be sown and cut for the fowls, horses, and cows.

There are new lettuce-beds to be ploughed and harrowed and prepared for seed sowing, and advanced lettuce to be kept cultivated and then cut for market. There are other vegetables to grow for their own use.

There's wood to be cut and stacked, and feed to be cut and stored. But all this doesn't daunt the Doles.

There is nothing masculine in Minna Dole's bearing, yet she can swing an axe with the deftness of a husky sleeper-cutter.

And behind a plough she is equally at home.

Tall and slender, she discusses expert farming in a charming voice. Her sister, short and slight, is also a first-class farmer.

When the Dole family first moved to the district they all lived together.

About a year ago Minna decided to take over a tumbledown old cottage a few hundred yards from her family home.

The house was older than anyone in the district could remember.

Built of bricks and slabs of timber joined with hand-made nails, and with a shingled roof which leaked, it was a picture of unfriendliness.

But to Minna Dole it had possibilities.

She removed the roof with her own hands and replaced it with iron sheeting.

With truly feminine fussiness she made the cottage spick and span inside and out.

Minna Dole is not only the provider of her own produce.

She is also her own cook and dressmaker.

She has a marked gift for interior decorating.

Modern comfort

INSIDE her little cottage are none of the furniture makeshifts a male bachelor farmer would favor.

It is modern in comfort, with its white-painted walls, chintz-covered chairs, books, and electric gadgets.

To be a successful girl farmer you need keenness, good health, and the temperament to be content with country life, says Minna Dole.

By the time I had seen over the farm with its horses, cows, fowls, and huge crops of lettuces almost ready for cutting, I was ready to agree with that, but I felt that to these requirements should be added a capacity for long hours of work of a kind usually regarded as a man's job.

Minna outlined an average working day on her 58 acres, which does not include the land on which her parents' home stands.

Her constant companion is Leo, a magnificent Alsatian.

"I get up about 6.30," she said, "and feed the nine horses.

"Then Leo and I have our breakfast . . . I have wholemeal biscuits, eggs and bacon, coffee and toast . . . Leo has steak and milk.

"After breakfast I do the house, which takes about an hour.

"Then I harness up and go down on to the farm and plough for the day . . .

"In the summer I get up a good deal earlier, because then I rest during the very hot hours.

"I finish work about five, go home, have my tea, and spend the evenings with my parents, or friends, or in front of the fire with a book and the radio.

GLADYS (left) and Minna Dole with Leo, the Alsatian, and eggs just gathered from the hen-houses on their farm.

"It doesn't sound very exciting, does it?" she said, with a smile. "But there is tons to do all the time. For instance, my lettuce crop is about ready to cut, and that will be a pretty long job."

Working kit now consists of slacks and sweater. In the summer she wears shorts and a shirt.

We went out into the paddock to see the horses and a 3-weeks-old calf. With quick, competent movements, Minna saddled her pony, Tiny, and cantered down the hill towards the lagoon where her other horses were grazing in the next paddock to her fields of lettuces.

While waiting for her to return with the horses I looked into the small hut which she calls her harness-room. It had her farm equipment arranged in orderly rows around the walls.

A hefty axe hung there, for when she needs wood Miss Dole takes her spring cart, drives off into the nearby paddocks and cuts what she needs.

The horses' stables are as well kept as the rest of the farm, and the garden, at present bright with phlox plants, is a credit to its owner.

Back with four huge horses came Miss Dole, stabled them, while I watched admiringly . . .

"In you go, pet," said the farm girl to one large horse which meekly followed her about like an enormous puppy . . .

Both girls drive the family car, and both are equally keen on horse-riding.

Gladys had never had a job, but Minna Dole learned tailoring which she says her parents persuaded her to do instead of becoming a nurse.

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Night stuffiness won't spoil sleep if you use a few drops of Va-tro-nol to clear your nose.

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Snoring, caused by stuffed-up nose and breathing through mouth, is avoided by using Va-tro-nol.

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Ding-Dong Gives

Continued from page 10

THEY finally signalled to Ding-Dong, who lifted his reed and was away. He grabbed the melody, warming it over on a first chorus and then sent it soaring off, cloudbound and hanging his hat on every note, as only Ding-Dong Williams could do it. The carriage trade and the critics' eyes bulged and after a while that familiar glazed expression crept into them. They loved it.

When Ding-Dong hung it up there on his last weird, crying note they were all on their feet, shouting and stamping and crying themselves hoarse. There had never been anything like it.

Miss Mona Hardwicke, not one to be cheated out of any footage, had been loitering in the wings, anticipating just such an emergency. Now she came rushing across the stage and, very impromptu, threw her arms around her beloved. It was only by using his elbows in close that Ding-Dong finally broke out of the clinch and made his bow to that wildly clamoring audience.

"Cut!" screamed Dr. Folke.

Both the picture and the broadcast were officially ended then and the crowd swarmed up on the stage, surrounding the musicians and players. Eventually the publicity men managed to herd them together and steered the audience, cast, and critics onto a neighboring stage where a buffet dinner and bar had been set up.

The party was well under way before Mr. Ancil Steinberg suddenly discovered that Mr. Ding-Dong Williams was missing.

They found him alone on the deserted symphony stage, wild-eyed and haggard, frantically turning over chairs and searching the curtains.

Someone had stolen his clarinet.

It was past midnight when the imported doorbell chimed in Mona Hardwicke's apartment. Miss Hardwicke opened the door personally.

"Why, Ding-Dong!" she gasped. "This is a surprise!"

Mr. Williams' vague eyes were deeply troubled. "I hadda come," he said.

She stared at him, something warm stirring within her. She had known that something like this was going to happen. She had felt it.

"Come in, Ding-Dong," she said softly. "Come right in."

Mr. Williams took a tentative seat on the edge of her divan, looking nervously about the room.

"I'm waiting, Ding-Dong," Miss Hardwicke murmured presently. "Tell me why you are here!" She seated herself beside him.

Mr. Williams stared at her in rising alarm. He licked his lips and, when the words just wouldn't come, gazed unhappily at the ceiling.

"I know," she said. "People don't always need words, Ding-Dong." Her voice was fading into that famous diminuendo. "When something bigger and stronger than themselves sweeps into their lives . ."

"I beg pardon?" he asked anxiously.

She was practically in his arms. "I'm waiting, Ding-Dong," she whispered. Still nothing happened. "Waiting!" she repeated.

"I didn't mean to be any bother," he said then. "I just came to get my clarinet."

"Clarinet!" she gasped. "Clarinet!"

Mr. Williams nodded unhappily. "One of the prop boys said he saw your maid pick it up."

The lady's volcanic personality surged to the surface then. "Marie!" she screamed. "Marie, come in here!"

A frightened sepia party thrust her head into the room.

"Have you seen this person's clarinet?" Mona demanded.

"Yes'm," the maid said uneasily. "I—I jus' kinda picked it up to give muh boy frien' for a souvenir."

"You get it this minute!" her mistress shrieked. "Now!"

When his precious clarinet was safely restored, Mr. Williams glanced at his erstwhile leading lady. "I'll be going now," he said.

"You sure will!" she cried. "But not until you take this, too!"

She slapped his face soundly then and the bewildered killer-diller was still holding his hand to his cheek when the door burst open and the apoplectic countenance of Dr. Gustav Folke was framed there in the doorway.

"So?" he roared. "The minute the picture is finished, this happens."

MISS HARDWICKE took only one quick look at his stormy features and threw herself into his arms. "Gus!" she sobbed. "This—this man forced his way into the apartment and . . . and . . ."

There was no denying Mr. Williams was the picture of dismay. Dr. Folke stared at him and then, no longer able to withstand Mona's appeal to all that was fine and strong within him, he kissed her tenderly on the brow and whirled on Ding-Dong.

"You dog!" he cried. "That I should make you an actor to behave so! In my native country we settle such things with sabres!"

He was working himself up into such a fine fury that the last was accompanied by a challenge slap to Mr. Williams' jaw.

That last slap was just too much. Ding-Dong let out a low cry and slapped Dr. Folke right back. The burly director hurled himself on the hot man and in sheer desperation Ding-Dong laid about him with his clarinet. There was a sudden dull thud and Dr. Folke slid limply to the floor. Mr. Williams tucked his clarinet under his arm then and went out into the night.

The next morning he stared wide-eyed at a banner line that read: KING OF SWING AND DIRECTOR DUEL OVER STAR! He learned he had left just ahead of the police, thoughtfully summoned by the neighbors. Dr. Folke had been carried off to the receiving hospital still muttering deliriously of duels and challenges. Taken to headquarters, Miss Hardwicke had promptly sobbed out the whole dramatic story to the Press.

How, after eight weeks of spurning Mr. Williams' repulsive overtures, he had forced his way into her apartment under a pretext, and when the director—who was practically a father to her—had unexpectedly appeared and endeavored to protect her, the enamored reed man had suddenly gone berserk, assaulting Dr. Folke with his clarinet.

The lovely picture star, the papers continued, a pitiful sight in her dishevelled and hysterical condition, had been taken to a rest home. The district attorney was expected to summon Mr. Williams for questioning that morning.

Ding-Dong gulped, realising that in faraway Seattle Angela must be reading this same recital of his amours.

There was, he saw bleakly, only one thing a man could do.

He disappeared.

By the eventful night that "American Symphony" was to have its world premiere even Mr. Ancil Steinberg had to admit that he had been completely baffled by the disappearance of Mr. Ding-Dong Williams. The strange case of the missing clarinet with its lush overtones of exotic loves and glamorous lives had been a nine-day sensation in the Press until the Hays office had advised a certain star and director that they would do well to forget the whole thing.

Even then Mr. Williams remained in the Missing Persons file. Angela had boarded a plane when she had read of that now famous duel, bitterly assuring herself that she was only taking that airliner that she might tell a few jive men some things for their own good.

But when on her arrival she had found that Ding-Dong had disappeared and she had received a play by play of the picture from the frantic Mr. Steinberg, she learned that love was one of those things you couldn't do without. Like sober little men who played the clarinet.

Her tears were something more than Mr. Steinberg, a good family man, could stand. He had promptly called the newspapers, offering a twenty-five-thousand-dollar cash reward for the return of Ding-Dong Williams.

Spurred on by that handsome figure, the search for Mr. Williams became the biggest thing since the Movies Are Your Best Entertainment campaign. Ding-Dong was variously reported as having been seen loitering in Platteville, Wisconsin, and leading a tavern combo in Kewanee, Illinois. On one particularly bleak day he was reported washed ashore in both Vancouver and Ensenada. In Calcutta, India, some local cats and alligators conducted a memorial service, burning a suitable effigy on a pyre.

Now, riding out to Carthay Circle, where a morbid world was to witness Mr. Williams' first-only-and-farewell appearance on the screen, Mr. Steinberg was still vainly endeavoring to console Angela. Exhausted by weeks of alternating hope and despair, she had finally given up for keeps. It was, she said bitterly, simply retribution for driving a little man into a career that he didn't want or know what to do with.

"If I hadn't broken our engagement," she said listlessly, "gone away when he needed me most——"

The producer shivered at that familiar refrain. "Don't," he pleaded.

Angela bit her lip, and, staring out into the arc-cut night, said nothing.

PRESENTLY the town car halted before the canopied entrance to the theatre. The long runway was lined with spectators, filled these past eight hours with autograph seekers and wake attenders. A hushed silence fell as Angela's presence was announced over the loudspeaker. Several men removed their hats.

In the foyer a fife-and-drum corps struck up the national anthem. Attired in Revolutionary War costumes, complete to the knee-breeches and white wigs, they were Mr. Steinberg's idea of a suitable backdrop for something so epic as "American Symphony." Coming down that blurred lane of faces, he explained to Angela, "I tried to keep it dignified, y'understand. He woulda wanted it that way."

She nodded wanly, not even glancing at the fife-and-drum corps as they passed. The smallest of the fifes, a sombre-looking party whose doleful brown eyes stood out in contrast to his powdered wig and tricornered hat, looked longingly at her. Of all the white-stocking combo, he alone kept tapping it out with his left foot.

Angela, waiting in the foyer, suddenly noticed that trade-mark of the get-off man and her eyes filled. For a moment her moist gaze was on that small number two company of George Washington.

Those dewy eyes were too much for the fife artist. He forgot himself for one fatal moment and, as the band played a bravissimo chorus, he gave out with a sudden lick. For a moment it hung there in the air, a wild, desolate thing, and then, starkly realising that all was lost, Ding-Dong went the whole way.

Musical history was written there in the forecourt as he played the first hot fife passage ever found in the "Star-Spangled Banner." All the anguish of eternal parting, suitably accompanied by haunting riffs that could mean only unrequited love, came wailing over the melody.

The fife solo came to an abrupt halt when a slender young lady in a black evening dress threw her arms around the soloist. "Ding-Dong!" she cried. "Oh, Ding-Dong!"

"I couldn't help myself, Angela," he said forlornly. "I just hadda see you once more, so I paid a fella to let me take his place. Then when I saw you I hadda give. I—I'm sorry, Angela."

"Sorry!" she cried, kissing him with that old feeling. When they parted she saw that he was still bewildered. "I'm not mad at you, Ding-Dong," she said, coloring gently, "You're not real bright, but I love you."

Holding her in his arms, Ding-Dong wondered why anyone would want to be bright. This was enough for him. *(Copyright)*

Meet Doreen Roads. She's an "iceberg". Yes, she cracks the breakers right through summer and winter. Br...r...r! But Doreen never catches colds. She says, "I'm a Bonox fan. It's my regular winter drink. Lots of hot Bonox. That keeps 'flu away from me!" Keep your head above the 'flu line by drinking Bonox—hot Bonox. Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your bloodstream. Cafes, hotels and milk bars are serving Bonox now. Have a cup to-day.

X6

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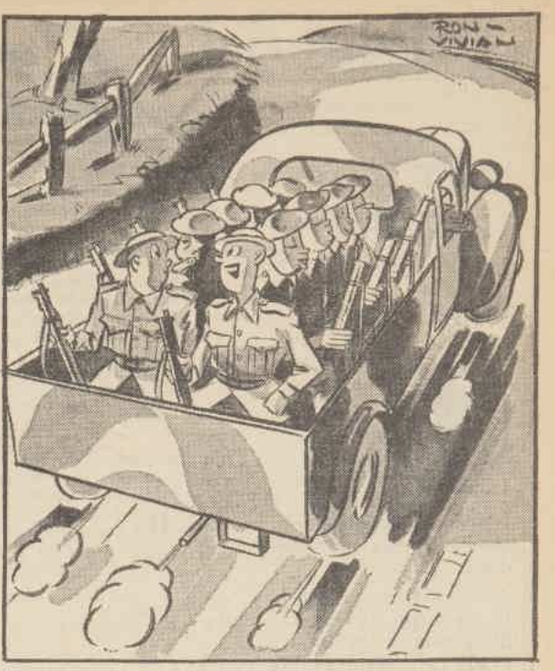
A RATION OF FUN

"Tell me, waiter, where is the charming lady who was selling lottery tickets?"
"Did you wish to buy a ticket, madam?"
"No, I am looking for my husband."

PRESIDENT: Look at this letter. I told you to engage the new stenographer on her grammar.
MANAGER: Sorry, sir, I thought you said "glamor."



"I must say I enjoy these route marches."

CADDY: Good idea that floating golf ball, sir, all you have to do now is hit it.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"It has to be a very small picture, it's for my boy-friend's watch."
"Then you'll have to close your mouth."

No, I don't want a drink of water! I haven't kicked the clothes off! And I didn't wake up until you switched on that light!

When you go to look at baby during the night use an Eveready flashlight. It shows you all that you want to see. No need to switch on overhead lights and wake a sleeping family. Always sleep with an Eveready flashlight beside you — when you can see you're safe. But don't buy a bargain torch. Insist on Eveready flashlights, complete with batteries, 5/9. *They always work.* Reliable batteries are as important as a reliable flashlight. If you've already got a flashlight get Eveready batteries when you buy refills.

T.33.41

BRAIN WAVES

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PRIVATE JONES was having his first rifle practice. His first shot registered a "bull," but the next nine missed the target.

"What's the meaning of this," roared the sergeant, "one bull and the next nine shots miss the target?"

"Struth, Sarge, they must have all gone through the same hole," replied Jones.

"THAT'S a good-looking hat, Bill."

"Yes. I bought it five years ago, had it cleaned three times, changed it twice at restaurants, and it's still as good as new."

"WHAT! Not cutting the lawn this afternoon, Daddy?"

"No, my girl. We must all make sacrifices in wartime, so I handed the lawn-mower to the authorities to make guns with."

"HAS Marjorie told you she is now going to marry her first love?"

"Gosh! What a memory that girl must have!"

HE: Honey . . . I'll work as hard as can be and very soon I'll be able to get you a little cottage in the country!

She: Gee! And then we can let it and get a swell flat in the city!

Influenza weakens you. The fever takes away your strength. Your digestion is enfeebled and upset. For some weeks afterwards you feel tired and in low spirits. You have a great need at this time for a food which is very easy to digest and very nourishing, to bring your strength back. Drink Ovaltine every day and you will feel your energy returning, and your cheerfulness.

Ovaltine makes your slack muscles tough again, restores your nerves, puts vigour into your mind and body.

Ovaltine is delicious even to an invalid who turns fretfully away from other food; and it gives you every food you need to make you strapping and well again.

FOOD FOR MUSCLE BONE AND NERVES

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerves. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 16, 1941

FIRST G.O.C. AUSTRALIA

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Iven Mackay — Mackay of Bardia—is coming home to lead Australia's fighting men on the home front.

He returns at a time when Australia needs her best men to co-ordinate her defence as the situation in the Pacific grows more menacing daily.

Major-General Mackay will be an inspiring leader, because his deeds in the field have already earned the gratitude and admiration of the world.

It was he who commanded the A.I.F. Sixth Division in the magnificent sweep across Libya, and his brilliant leadership there was recognised by a knighthood.

That he should be brought from a theatre of war to take up this post, first of its kind since Australia became a Commonwealth, emphasises the gravity of the position in the Pacific to-day and the steps we must take further to strengthen our defences.

Major-General Mackay will not be burdened with administrative problems, which will be handled by the Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Sturdee.

Major-General Mackay's job will be the planning of Australia's defence and the training of our troops here.

The experience of modern warfare he has gained in the field in the past two years will be of incalculable value here.

His capacity has been proved to the hilt. No better soldier has gone from Australia.

He will be warmly welcomed home on two counts—for what he has done in the field; for what Australia feels confident he will do here.

In Mackay of Bardia our men have a leader they are all proud to follow.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THE latest story in Tobruk, incidents of the Syrian campaign and a letter from an aboriginal member of the A.I.F. are some of the highlights of this week's batch of letters.

Because the standard of the letters from our boys is so high The Australian Women's Weekly has decided to award £1 each for every letter published on this page in this issue and in future.

Readers are invited to send in copies of extracts from letters from men of the fighting forces.

Sergeant A. R. Tate in Tobruk to his fiancee, Miss Marjorie M. Poole, at Moonee Ponds, Vic.:

"HAVE you heard of the Tommy colonel at Tobruk who called his men together and complained that they were not getting enough prisoners? He offered any soldier 2/6 per hundred prisoners.

"A few days passed. Some of the Tommies earned 6d. or 1/-, but one day a young Scotsman brought in £1's worth.

"The colonel was delighted, and paid up £1 without a murmur.

"'How did you manage to capture so many?' he asked. 'I didn't,' said the Scot. 'I bought 'em from an Aussie for a shilling a hundred.'"

✣ ✣ ✣

Pilot-Officer K. G. Gray in England to his mother at Addison Avenue, Roseville. Pilot-Officer Gray is among the first Australians flying the new Beau fighters:

"WE went on a tour of inspection of Windsor Castle the other day. Golly, it was marvellous.

"We saw the St. George Chapel and where the Royal family attends Church service. I sat in the King's chair.

"From here we were shown round the castle grounds, and they are really magnificent. But the best was to come. We met some young ladies who took us into the castle for afternoon tea, and we met the Queen and the two Princesses.

"Golly, Mother, she is an absolute marvel of a woman, and as natural as pie. And the Princesses are marvellous.

"Elizabeth is quite a lady now, and speaks to you about anything and everything.

"The Queen was introduced to each of us and asked all kinds of questions about Australia.

"The little girls were introduced, and absolutely copied their mother in everything. They were accompanied by their three dogs.

"We then had afternoon tea served in a huge reception-room by footmen wearing red, and butlers. The Queen spoke to all of us."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private Dick Archibald, one of several aboriginal boys who enlisted from the aboriginal station, Burnt Bridge, Kempsey, sent this letter to his mother, Mrs. Sarah Archibald. He fought in Libya, Greece and Crete:

"I HAVE seen more of the world since I wrote to you last. I was in Greece and had leave in Athens, the capital of Greece.

"The people were very friendly, and I had a great time.

"They like snail stew and sheep's milk. I had a go at the milk, but couldn't come at the snails.

"I don't think much of Jerry's army. He has them in large numbers, but we can still give him that in and beat him.

"When we evacuated Greece he had 12 of us cut off, so we had to make for the coast and travel round by fishing boat. I was glad to get on the boat which took us to Crete.

"The day we evacuated Crete they sent over 60 bombers and bombed a little village where we were. I was watching the bombs leave the planes. It was a bit of a strain, but you soon get used to it.

"Tell Mr. Beter a Jerry must be using the shaving cream he gave me. I had to dump my pack, but I might meet Jerry again and get it back, who knows."

✣ ✣ ✣

Gunner A. J. Wright, A.I.F. abroad, to his wife at Gladstone, Qld.:

"YOU would be surprised the kick a fellow gets when he finds a big one has gone past, and he can tell his mates all about it.

"And can't I duck dive! I don't even realise there are thistles about till it's over. Then comes the picking out of prickles.

"There is always something happening to laugh about.

"One day we were getting the very old devil of a time with the other coves' mortars bursting all round us.

"An infantry sergeant was sitting with his back to a four-foot stone wall when one lit on the other side.

"Anyway, the wall just settled round his shoulders gently and gracefully. He'd been climbing mountains and fighting for days, and was rather tired, but the look of disgust he turned on as he shook the few remaining big stones off remains with me.

"When I laughed, he was so crooked he looked cock-eyed."

Winnie the War Winner

"It's the General's idea—incendiary bombs instead of candles."

Private Wal Smith, of Queensland, in hospital after the Syrian campaign, to a friend in Melbourne:

"AM lying on a nice soft bed in hospital, surrounded by pretty nurses, crabby old doctors, and a collection of other members of the A.I.F. We have been invalided back from the front line and I'm as hungry as heck because it's such a long time since I've been allowed to wrap myself round a square meal.

"One night a week ago we were rushed up this side of the Syrian border, secreted in a belt of timber, and told our job. That was to climb the mountain to the border and capture an important fortified village commanding the coast road and open the way for our main force.

"We set out the following night, all as excited as possible.

"Our platoon went ahead of the main body to deal with the border guards. Poor blighters. They never knew what struck them.

"Then the main body of the company went down the ravine towards its objectives, and two platoons were given the job of cleaning up the village and the other held in reserve in case of accidents.

"Each body was to wend its way by separate routes to a position at the rear of the town, meet there, and then get to work.

"However, finally arriving at our destination, we found that the other platoon had not arrived, and in the dark we lost one of our sections.

"We were just about all in. It was decided, seeing it was nearly dawn, to do the job on our own. Gee, were we in a blue funk! Twenty-odd men to do a job meant for nearly 60.

"The strength of the enemy in the village was supposed to be about 60. Imagine the scene—dawn—and a line of khaki-clad Australians advancing, bayonets fixed, on a tiny village high in the Syrian hills.

"Spotting the outguards on a roof, we despatched them quickly with a fair deal of noise (Bren guns and Tommy guns), which fully roused the garrison.

"Then followed three hours of merry battle before we finally emerged victors. Our casualties were small, thank goodness.

"Since that first scrap we have had some heavy presents from their 75's and mortars, and have been dive-bombed. However, we cleaned up the 6th Battalion Foreign Legion in three days. I am out of the show for a while, but hope to get back to my unit in time for Beirut."

✣ ✣ ✣

Driver Jim Freeman to his mother at Lakemba, N.S.W. With his brother Joe he sailed in the first A.I.F. contingent:

"WELL, *Mum, I saw the big brother. I walked into his tent when I got back from Crete. What a surprise for both of us! Was I glad to see him! It was nine months since we had seen each other, and we had a lot to talk about.*

"When we both walk in home together, that will be the day!

"I don't want you to worry. You will get old-looking and grey-haired, and that will never do. We want you to be your own old usual self."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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● The strip above introduces a new feature which you will find in The Australian Women's Weekly each week. "Deeds That Thrilled Australia" will be vividly sketched by staff artist Noel Cook. We begin with an incident in the Greek evacuation. Each week we will present a thrilling deed in this new dramatic form.

How Red Cross looks after army nurses

Wants supplied here and overseas

"Nobody hears very much about what the Red Cross is doing for our A.I.F. nurses, but actually we are always thinking and working for their welfare," said Captain A. G. Brown, Secretary-General of The Australian Red Cross Society, in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Technically, we are only supposed to worry about the nurses when they are ill. The Comforts Fund looks after them when they are well.

"ACTUALLY, we do a great deal for the nurses at all times, and nobody is more appreciative of this than the nurses themselves.

"We completely furnish all nurses' quarters in all camps within Australia, right down to the curtains on the windows. In South Australia, where the heat can be very trying, we lined their huts for them.

"Every nurse who leaves Australia and every nurse who goes to Darwin is issued with a long list of useful gifts.

"This list varies in the various States, but in Victoria it includes primus stove, rug, cushion, clinical thermometer, surgical scissors, suitcase, hot-water bottle, warm underclothing, kettle, dressing forceps, electric torch, and camp mattress.

"At Christmas we send a parcel to every Australian nurse.

"The hospital ships are so well furnished that there is little to add for the nurses' personal use, but we always make sure there are two sewing-machines for them, and always try to meet any request they might make.

"In Darwin, Mrs. Abbott, president of the Northern Territory Division, sees the sisters at the military hospital every Saturday morning.

Nurses' hostels

"SHE says they have made their mess, a tin hut, very attractive, and adds that the Red Cross has supplied them with lounges, deck chairs, bridge chairs, floor mats, tablecloths, serviettes, table covers, bedside lockers, hanging cupboards, sewing-machine, radio set, piano, towels, cushions, curtains and a petrol iron.

"Naturally our biggest effort is for the nurses on active service in the Middle East.

"The biggest and most appreciated thing we have done was to establish St. George's Hostel, the Australian Red Cross Hostel for sick and convalescent nurses, in Jerusalem.

"It accommodates 40 nurses in residence.

"At all the general hospitals overseas we have furnished nurses' quarters with refrigerators, comfortable lounge chairs, cushions, tables, floor coverings, and curtains.

"Most of these things are purchased in Australia and shipped. However, if anything needs to be bought there are seven Australian women on our staff in the Middle East who know what to choose.

"Mrs. J. S. Proud, who acts as secretary in our office at Singapore, could do the same job for nurses in Malaya.

"During the evacuation of Greece Miss Joan Ebsworth, of our Middle East staff, received a telegram from Red Cross Headquarters asking her to locate and service nurses arriving from overseas.

"When they were located they had no money until the could see the paymaster, and many of them had lost everything.

"Miss Ebsworth issued them with money to tide them over, and supplied them with many requirements."

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.***

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3½

One Simple Treatment Reaches and Relieves ALL These Miseries!

A BABY'S cold puts nose, throat, and chest all in danger. You can't expect to end his cold quickly unless you bring help to *all* these places.

There *is* a way to do just that—quickly...safely...and without any risk of upsetting his stomach! Simply give him a pleasant bedtime rub with Vicks VapoRub.

Works Two Ways

Rubbed on throat, chest, and back, VapoRub begins instantly to bring help straight to the places where help is needed . . . in two ways:

HEALING VAPOURS, released from VapoRub by the body warmth, are breathed in all through the air-passages. Their on-the-spot medication soothes the irritated membranes of nose, throat, and chest—clears away clogging mucus and phlegm. Breathing becomes easy again. Coughing is relieved. At the same time . . . .

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain in chest and throat.

How comfy the little one feels! Breathing easily, coughing stopped, he gets a good night's rest, while VapoRub works hour after hour. Next morning, he is well on the way to being fit again!

26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

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It's a shame—

the way people judge your social status by your hands! But it's easy to have clean, white hands with Solvol—no matter what your job. Its thick, silky, clean-scented lather sweeps dirt from nail edges . . . floats out all ground-in grime from the pores and creases of your skin.

Gentle as a toilet soap . . . lasts much longer

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S.27.23

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

(Week's Best Release)

Lana Turner, James Stewart, Judy Garland. (MGM.)

MGM has certainly given you plenty for your money—a galaxy of stars, three stories, and masses of fantastically-gowned showgirls in elaborate settings.

Result is a film that is pretty unwieldy and slow-going—but made attractive by its witty dialogue and its players.

Of the three commonplace themes Lana Turner, aided by James Stewart and Ian Hunter, gets most to do in the one about the girl who takes the wrong turning. She does a sincere, convincing job.

Then you have Judy Garland, with Jackie Cooper and Charles Winninger, in the tale of the daughter of the stage trouper who makes good in a modern show—the Ziegfeld show.

Judy, too, gives an attractive performance, but doesn't sparkle until her final exuberant "Minnie from Trinidad" number.

Hedy Lamarr, Philip Dorn, and Tony Martin, who appear even less, give you the plot about the girl who joins the Follies for her bread and butter, and whose motives are misunderstood by her violinist husband (Dorn), whom she never ceases to love.

These three stories are tied together by the various Follies shows in which the three girls are featured—and by Edward Everett Horton, delightful as Ziegfeld's harassed assistant. And this time Eddie doesn't overdo it.—Liberty; showing.

★ SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS

Burgess Meredith, Irene Hervey. (Universal.)

ALTHOUGH the story is trite, good direction and competent portrayals make the film exciting melodrama.

The plot turns on the efforts of Irene Hervey to prove innocent her boy friend, wrongfully charged with murder.

Enlisting the aid of her father (Raymond Walburn) and a waterfront character (Barry Fitzgerald), Irene finally tracks down the real murderer through his very blonde wife (Esther Ralston).

Irene Hervey gives a smooth performance, with Burgess Meredith excellent as the wronged hero. But his part keeps him off the screen longer than he's on.—Capitol; showing.

★ ROBBERS OF THE RANGE

Tim Holt, Virginia Vale. (RKO.)

TIM HOLT, son of Jack, gets better with each new picture. This one, the third of his Wild West series for RKO, gives Tim some rousing thrills and an opportunity for worth-while acting.

The story tells of a crooked land agent who frames honest ranchers on murder charges so that he can get their land. Tim becomes a victim, but manages to elude his captors en route to prison—and sets to work to round up the villains.

As in his earlier films, the scenery is most refreshing. Performances are competent all round.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ BACK IN THE SADDLE

Gene Autry, Mary Lee. (Republic.)

SINGING Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, and clever, fourteen-year-old Mary Lee again combine in this story of adventure in a copper boom town.

Gene, the intrepid cowboy, leads the ranchers against a mining magnate who is poisoning cattle in the district by dumping copper sulphate into the streams.

Autry and Mary Lee sing several tuneful songs. Edward Norris, as the youthful heir to a ranch, and Jacqueline Wells as his girl friend do well. Burnette adds a few laughs.—Capitol; showing.

★ DANCE HALL

Cesar Romero, Carole Landis. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

SLIM, blonde Carole Landis and the fascinating Cesar Romero make an attractive romantic couple in this mildly entertaining film.

Cesar plays a dashing Don Juan, manager of a cheap dance hall. Carole is a singer in the show, who, after falling hard for him and being rebuffed, decides to teach him a lesson.

Add William Henry, an ambitious musician, and June Storey as his two-timing girl friend, and you have a film that holds the interest all the way.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **I Wanted Wings.** Ray Milland, William Holden in spectacular aviation drama. Prince Edward, 6th week.

★★★ **Love Crazy.** Myrna Loy, William Powell in riotously funny marital farce. St. James, 4th week.

★★★ **This Thing Called Love.** Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas in amusing sophisticated comedy. State, 3rd week.

★★ **The Great Lie.** Bette Davis, George Brent in strongly appealing women's drama. Century, 5th week.

★★ **Buck Privates.** Abbott and Costello in rollicking comedy of the draft. Embassy, 4th week.

★★ **One Night in Lisbon.** Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray in entertaining topical romance. Mayfair, 3rd week.

★★ **Lady Hamilton.** Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier in grand period drama. Regent, 2nd week.

★ **Call a Cop.** George Formby, Dorothy Hyson in only fair farce. Lyceum, 6th week.

★ **Million Dollar Baby.** Priscilla Lane, Ronald Reagan in mildly enjoyable fairy-tale. Plaze, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, whose enlistment in the United States Navy was announced a few weeks ago, is now in London as assistant naval attache at the United States Embassy.

He flew the Atlantic in a bomber.

Montgomery was an officer in the American Field Service Ambulance Corps in France at the beginning of the war.

* * *

THE James Cagneys have adopted a red-haired boy of sixteen months.

* * *

GRETA GARBO is learning to do the rhumba for scenes in her new comedy.

* * *

FRIENDS of Elissa Landi are talking of the good news they have had from her. Always a favorite in Hollywood, the fair English star keeps in touch with her friends, and has just told them she is to open a new theatre in New York in "The Shining Hour."

* * *

"THIS IS LONDON" is the last title to be used for the all-charity film which is being produced by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, with six eminent directors and dozens of important actors giving their services.

Already directors Robert Stevenson and Herbert Wilcox have done their job, and actors C. Aubrey Smith, Anna Neagle, and Ray Milland have appeared in their sequence of the story which covers the period from the Battle of Trafalgar to the present time. Claude Rains is due for his work next, and will appear as a villain. Alfred Hitchcock is next on the list of directors. When finished the film will be shown all over America, the entire proceeds being divided among war charities.

* * *

LETTERS from Bebe Daniels and husband Ben Lyon tell Hollywood friends that the couple are now working on an English film called "You Can't Escape Forever." Others in the cast are Ann Dvorak (who is also in the ambulance corps) and Mary Maguire.

WHEN Luise Rainer dashed off to Nevada and married P. H. Lane, they obtained their marriage licence in one of the small towns of that State. They were able to keep the ceremony a secret until the honeymoon was over, without a single reporter having a ghost of a suspicion that La Rainer had taken the leap again.

Always secretive, Luise has puzzled many of her acquaintances in the past with her pleas of "Don't recognise me, please!" when she has been encountered on the boulevard. She was formerly wed to Clifford Odets, playwright.

* * *

ROSEMARY LANE is keeping a collection of the home recordings sent to her by her fans. They include six "talking" proposals, a two-minute play by the students at Yale, and 14 fan letters.

* * *

THE make-up men at MGM were "in a huddle." A bored young woman with beautiful hair sat in their midst while they alternately rolled her hair up in a pompadour and then let it fall sleekly to the back of her neck. Which was the most glamorous, up or down?

Both styles are to be worn by Garbo in her new film, one for her part as the glamorous sister, the other for her part as the dowdy sister in this dual role. The trouble is the good gentlemen of the grease and curling-iron brigade can't decide which is smart and which is dowdy. Dear, dear, such a problem!

* * *

AS soon as divorce permits, Mischa Auer will wed Joyce Hunter.

* * *

MAUREEN O'HARA will be getting a divorce. Impulsively marrying George Brown in England the day before she sailed for America, Maureen now believes she made a mistake. She will probably file suit in this country, after she has finished her job in "How Green Was My Valley."

* * *

MARY ASTOR has flown to Vancouver to join her husband, Manuel del Campo, who is a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

New 3-Second Relief

CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out

Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of **Frozol-Ice** . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. **Frozol-Ice** is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores.***

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid**, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell **Vaculoid** with this guarantee***

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out-of-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back on return of empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes— 1/10, 4/2, 8/4

This is a Guaranteed Remedy for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Cystex

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Now they're all gaily...

Tripping off for the holidays

SLACK DAYS IN THE STUDIOS GIVE STARS LONGED - FOR BREAK

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

THE last place you'll find the stars these days is in the studio.

Film companies are all preparing for their big autumn programmes. It's the slackest period of the year. And the players, with time on their hands, are seizing the opportunity to have a real holiday—at home or farther afield.

I went along to Hollywood Park race track the other day to see if I could catch a glimpse of Hollywood's latest blonde, Marjorie Woodworth, the young "Road Show" actress who is now in "Broadway Limited," and who is astonishingly like Jean Harlow.

I found her, dressed all in blue, her suit topped by a sweeping Romney hat, which set off her blue eyes and dazzlingly fair hair admirably.

I ALSO saw Priscilla Lane, just back from a week in the country. She was wearing a red-and-white tailored crepe dress with a box jacket of white wool and an enormous white cartwheel hat.

Another fair punter, Geraldine Fitzgerald, looked most demure in a grey felt sailor hat and a grey wool frock with a white collar, while Annie Sheridan was as spectacular as ever in black linen, with a vagabond felt hat of Chinese-red.

But even at this Mecca of fashion I missed many of the familiar faces.

Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joan Fontaine are among those who have fled from Hollywood.

Bette and her husband have retired to a ranch. Joan, who is Olivia's sister, has gone on a Pacific cruise all by herself, while Olivia has gone to the other extreme, the cool east coast of America.

Dorothy Lamour has just gone off gaily to Honolulu, with the handsome young attorney, Greg Bautzer, in tow to show her the ropes.

Robert Taylor has flown his timorous wife, Barbara Stanwyck, to New York for four weeks of shopping and doing the shows.

ROSEMARY LANE is also in New York. I saw her being tenderly farewelled at the station by make-up man Buddy Westmore. Rosemary, by the way, has turned platinum blonde—and she looks grand.

On the other hand, Sonja Henie told me she is using her spare time to make preparations for the twenty-five ice-rinks she intends to open throughout the States.

Even her close friends have been puzzled about the strange disappearance of Hedy Lamarr from the Hollywood scene. I've just found out what's happened. Hedy has taken advantage of a slack time at the studio to go into hospital for a special diet.

She says she finds it easier to slim under supervision than to rely on her own will-power.

Yes, a surprising number of the glamor girls have gone into smoke. But luck held for Jimmy Stewart when he returned unexpectedly from camp on week-end leave. First person he rang up was Ginger Rogers. Ginger happened to be still in town—working hard to finish "Tom, Dick, and Harry," and the pair spent a happy evening at Ciro's.

● One of Hollywood's fair holiday-makers, blonde Marjorie Woodworth, is in the United Artists film, "Broadway Limited."

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From Hollywood

Party for ENGLAND

By Barbara Bourchier

● Collyer Young, Mrs. James Hilton and Mrs. Cecil Kellaway conducted a wheel which carried prizes of food, from cheese to champagne.

● At Hollywood's garden party held in aid of TABS (To Aid British Services) Una O'Connor ran the "'It 'Itler" dart game.

● Australian actress Mona Barrie sold Melton Mowbray pork pies but ran out of stock half way through the afternoon.

FIVE HUNDRED GUESTS ATTEND HOME OF C. AUBREY SMITH

THE invitations read, "TABS (To Aid British Services) Is Giving a Garden Party. Sunday Afternoon, 2 p.m. The Round Corner, Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills. Come And Bring a Pocketful of Quarters."

For your information a "quarter" is a twenty-five cent piece. America's version of 1/6. The Round Corner is the beautiful hilltop home of C. Aubrey Smith, dean of Hollywood's British colony. And TABS is one of the many groups of Hollywoodites working for British war relief.

Headed by Dame May Whitty, TABS started as a small knitting group and eventually expanded into a sizable organisation occupying imposing quarters on the Sunset Strip, where every afternoon its members gather to sew for Britain.

Composed mainly of British women, wives of writers in the movie business, and actresses — many of whom had never been within ten feet of a sewing-machine two years ago—the TABS group is now a bustling little hive of industry, turning out hundreds of pairs of pyjamas, sweaters, socks and quantities of children's clothing for the bomb victims of England.

Every now and then, when the flannelette supply gets low, TABS sets to and throws a party to replenish the treasury. So the garden party turned out to be one of the most enjoyable of all the many war relief functions Hollywood has seen during the past year.

Five hundred guests — and every second one a celebrity — drove up through beautiful Coldwater Canyon to The Round Corner, perched atop a mountain with breathtaking views on all sides.

The spacious lawns of Mrs. Aubrey's cherished garden resembled a showground, with stalls, sideshows, gay banners, fortune-tellers, and every imaginable device to enable the guests to have fun for their money. And every salesman was a famous figure of the stage or screen.

Popping in at intervals from the gate, where I was stationed as an auxiliary ticket-taker when the crowd began to exceed all expectations, I spotted Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke, Brian Aherne, Greer Garson (a stunning figure with a large black picture hat setting off her red-gold hair), Roland Young, Flora Robson, Montague Love, Reginald Owen, James Hilton, W. P. Lipscomb, James Stephenson, and too many more to mention.

C. Aubrey Smith himself, attired in his pet cricket blazer, supervised a miniature race track, around which travelled gaily-colored wooden horses of Mr. Smith's own design and construction. Aided by his wife and young sons, Ian Hunter ran the Coconut Shy, acting as his own "barker" until his voice vanished completely.

Reginald Denny arrived early in the afternoon, with an armful of model planes and boats from his toy factory. These he auctioned off with great success, knocking down one small battleship to Robert Montgomery for £34.

Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale managed a ring-tossing game, and the Alfred Hitchcocks supervised a small putting green.

It was almost dark when the last guest set off down the hill, and the gardeners came out to clear away the stalls.

The afternoon had netted almost £600, enough to keep the TABS in flannelette for months, and, in addition, to pay for a big shipment of medical supplies which is already on its way to a London hospital.

● Customers thronged around Frieda Inescort to buy her lapel ornaments, made of pottery, mostly in British designs.

● C. Aubrey Smith, who lent his lovely home, The Round Corner, for this war charity affair, explained his race game to actress Mrs. Hoffman, who is a member of the British colony.

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LIKE THE FRAGRANCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

M-m . . . just to smell a cake of Protex soap is refreshing. Protex has a clean outdoors tang like the bush on a Spring morning. Keep fragrant Protex in your bathroom and revel in its safe protection. Protex contains an antiseptic **MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC.** It's non-irritant, and you've no worry about antiseptic odour! Protex is stocked by Australian Defence Canteens at home and abroad. Send the boys canteen orders for these comforts.

Listen in to "Rise and Shine" every Wednesday at 8 p.m. on 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2KM, 2LM, 2NZ, 2WL, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 4BH, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ. At 8.15 on 2GZ, 2KA, 3TR. Mondays at 9.15 on 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 2BH, 3BO, 3SR, 4AY, 4CA, 4GR, 4MB, 4MK, 4RO, 4TO, 6GE, 6KG.

7/751

4D

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

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Here is young ORSON WELLES

AFTER TWO YEARS, HE HAS MADE HOLLYWOOD ADMIT HIS ABILITY

ORSON WELLES has just seen his first film, "Citizen Kane," released to the public. Moreover, he has agreed to make three more pictures for RKO.

Since this means that Mr. Welles will be part of film entertainment for some time to come, it is the right moment to take a good, second look at this unique young man.

When Orson Welles came to Hollywood two years ago he had unprecedented powers in his pocket — appointing him producer, director, writer, and star. He brought twelve people from his New York Mercury Theatre for his cast, and he set about some fine movie plans.

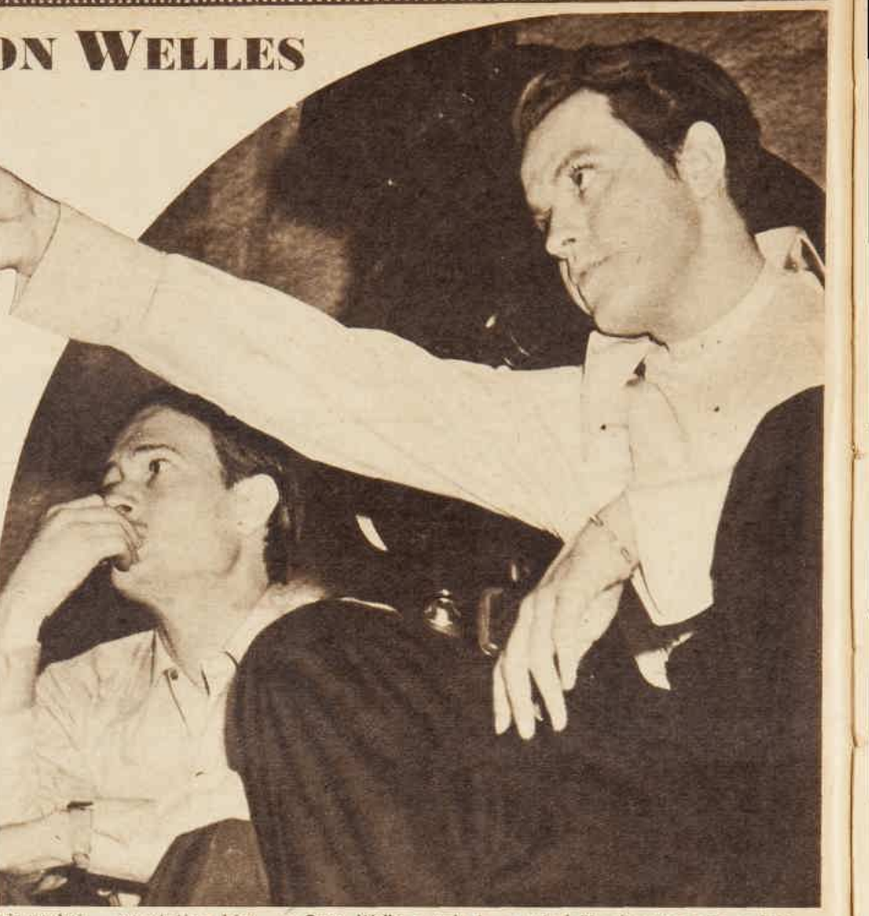
"It can't be done. Pictures aren't made that way," said Hollywood. "Who does he think he is?"

But Mr. Welles declared that his complete ignorance of film making was an asset. He intended to produce pictures according to his own formula.

Hollywood promptly branded him as fanatic and egoist. When he grew a beard for his first production, "Heart of Darkness," it smiled. When he discarded this film —after costing RKO half a million—it jeered. When he shelved a second picture, "Smiler With a Knife," Hollywood laughed out loud.

But Mr. Welles went ahead, and RKO, showing unequalled confidence, let him be. "Citizen Kane" was finished. Then came the trouble with William Randolph Hearst. It looked as if "Citizen Kane" might stay in the studio vaults for ever. Yet Welles overcame a nation-wide Hearst attack, too.

To-day Hollywood is the first to admit that the released film has given a valuable lesson in revolutionary technique—its great success helps, too.



● Orson Welles caught in a typical film-directing pose at RKO, where he will make three more pictures this year.

By JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

Now, what manner of man is young Mr. Welles, who set a whole industry by the ears?

He has just celebrated his 25th birthday. In appearance he is one of the biggest men in Hollywood. Six feet three and a half inches tall, he dieted himself down to a slim 14 stone to play "Citizen Kane." His features are surprisingly small for a man of his size.

His personality cannot be put down on paper so easily. Here are a few contradictory flashes.

He has a supply of energy that exhausts co-workers. He has been known to work 36 hours at a stretch, exhausting several shifts of assistants. On the other hand, he will sometimes go to sleep for a whole day and night uninterruptedly.

Ever since the age of 12, when he insisted on playing three separate roles in a school "Julius Caesar," he has wanted to be the whole show. And the frankness of his opinion that no one else can make a film as he can appalls other more hypocritical magnates.

Yet his generosity and enthusiasm towards his subordinates are almost excessive. He discovered Dorothy Comingore, Ruth Warwick, Joseph Cotton, and Ray Collins for "Citizen Kane." His boosting—as well as their own merit—has induced RKO to put the quartet under long-term contract.

One moment Welles will be playing bean-ball, or puttering about with the puppet theatre and the electric model train kept permanently in his office. The next he will be discussing his plans for more revolutionary productions of Shakespeare—he has done "Macbeth" with an all-negro cast and a fascist v. democracy edition of "Julius Caesar" in moderen dress.

He has irony-voiced contempt for the glamor and frills of Hollywood. Yet he hopes to marry a Hollywood actress, 35-year-old Dolores del Rio, whom he describes as "the most beautiful woman in the world."

He loves to dance, listen to swing music, eat steak three inches thick, and paint in violent oils in a faintly surrealist way. Yet he went on a recent holiday to Palm Springs to get away from night life, banquets, and any form of mental exercise.

Oh yes. Those pictures that he will make for RKO this year will be an anti-Nazi drama set in Mexico and the two films he has already discarded, namely, "Heart of Darkness" and "Smiler with a Knife."

MY CHILDREN —afraid OF ME!

Diana had the reputation of being a simply marvellous mother. She never spoilt her two youngsters, Fred and Joan, but she understood them and knew how to join in with their fun . . . until to-day's extra strain began to tell on her nerves . . .

Ragged, jumpy nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you feel tired all the time, even wake tired, get run down, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. Your sleep will be really beneficial and recuperative. This nourishing, well-balanced food gives you the *extra* vitality necessary to keep your nerves calm and steady. Priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9, special pack with mixer 2/-.

HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

There's no place like home

¶ **A LONG ISLAND MANSION has just been presented to film star Sonja Henie by husband Dan Topping. The house has four nurseries for the children which Sonja says she will have.**

¶ **A DUTCH-STYLE FARMHOUSE in a fashionable part of Hollywood is awaiting Cesar Romero's bride. No, Cesar doesn't know who the lucky girl will be. But he's on the look-out. At present he is living there alone, but he's kept a suite of rooms bare and unpainted. He wants the future Mrs. Romero to decorate it to her own tastes.**

¶ **A REAL ENGLISH HOME is being built by newlyweds Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. It's to have a view of the ocean and the city, with groves of trees back of the house, and a lovely lawn. The main bedroom will have a big fireplace. Its special feature is a bomb shelter.**

¶ **A SMALL FLAT in town is leased by Ingrid Bergman, who is more the housewife than the movie star. She gets her husband's breakfast and washes the dishes before she goes to the studio in the morning, and prepares the dinner and tidies up the kitchen afterwards every night.**

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Germans working *Underground* against Hitler

1 **INVALIDED HOME** to 1940 Germany, soldier Kurt (Jeffrey Lynn, centre) is cheered by the apparent Nazi fanaticism of brother Eric (Philip Dorn, left), which shames the lukewarm loyalty of their increasingly bewildered family.

2 **ACTUALLY,** Eric leads the anti-Nazi movement which employs secret radio broadcasting as its chief weapon.

3 **ERIC'S** fervent assistant, Sylvia (Karen Verne), has difficulty in snubbing dangerous attentions of Kurt.

4 **GESTAPO** capture of the freedom radio is thwarted when Eric shoots their spy Hoffman (Wolfgang Silzer).

5 **WHEN GESTAPO** ill-treats Sylvia, Kurt, convinced she is harmless, consents to spy on her.

6 **DISCOVERING TRUTH,** a broken Kurt tells Eric he cannot bring himself to arrest Sylvia.

7 **NEVERTHELESS** Eric is seized, and Kurt's presence at Nazi headquarters seems to prove that brother has betrayed brother.

Warners show freedom radio

FOR their new anti-Nazi film, "Underground," Warners have chosen an enthralling theme—Germany's freedom radio. Organised against Hitler, this freedom radio functions tirelessly.

So closely does "Underground" follow the news that, just before its completion, a special Hess sequence was added. And its cast contains two people who have suffered Nazidom at first hand. They are Berlin-born Karen Verne, a member of the Bechstein family, and Dutch Philip Dorn.

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Created in Hollywood . . .

Youthful Cardigan

AN easy-to-make sweater-cum-cardigan that you will adore for its cosiness and air of casual chic—and it's rated for instant success with young things who want something just a bit "different." It is so versatile too—and you can wear it to town with a tailored skirt, or for sports with your slacks and shorts.

"She just sits and sulks and never a bit of breakfast can I get her to eat," said Sheila's poor Mama. "There, there now," answered Snap, Crackle and Pop. "We'll soon fix that."

Next morning Sheila was all set for her usual breakfast sulks—till she heard how that delicious oven-popped rice of Kellogg's goes Snap, Crackle and Pop when the milk is poured on!

In no time at all Sheila was asking for more! And now Mama sees that Sheila gets a brimming plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning. Yum! Yum!! And these exciting Rice Bubbles of Kellogg's are brimming over with energising, easily digested nourishment that kiddies need. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles the very next time you're at the shop.

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its oven-popped rice.

YOUNG FOX STAR Jane Withers selected this warm-as-toast little cardigan as her favorite knitted. Knitted in scarlet blanket wool, it is simple to make if you follow the instructions given on this page.

BLANKET WOOL JACKET

Materials.—12oz. P. & B. Blanket wool; 1 pr. No. 3 knitting needles; 1 No. 7 crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 18 inches; width all round at underarm, 32 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 6 inches.

Tension.—3 stitches to the inch in width.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; s, slip; wl.-fwd., wool forward; st., stitch; sts., stitches; tog., together; rep., repeat; inc., increase; ins., inches; beg., beginning.

BACK

Cast on 44 stitches. (With this thick wool it is best to use thumb method of casting on.)

1st Row: S 1, * wl.-fwd., s 1 purl-ways, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: S 1, * wl.-fwd., s 1 purl-ways, k tog. next st. and wl.-fwd. of previous row, rep. from * to last st., purl 1.

Rep. 2nd row 8 times. Inc. at beg. and end of next and every following 8th row 4 times (54 sts.). Continue in pattern until work measures 8ins. from commencement.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, k 2 tog. each end of every alternate row 4 times (36 sts.). Continue without shaping until work measures 14ins. from commencement.

Shoulder Shaping: 1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to last 4 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to last 8 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to last 12 sts., turn. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 26 sts. Work in pattern as given for the back. Inc. at seam edge until there are 31 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures same as back to armholes.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at seam edge. Then k 2 tog. every alternate row 5 times (22 sts.). Continue in pattern for 12 rows.

Shape neck by casting off 4 sts. Knit to end of row.

Work yoke as follows: S 1, * p into 2nd st. (do not slip off needle), p into first st., slip both sts. off needle. Rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: S 1, k 2 tog., * k into back of 2nd st. (do not slip off needle), k into front of first st. Rep. from * to last st. P 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once (16 sts.), then continue without shaping until work measures same as back.

Shoulder Shaping: 1st Row: Work in patterfn to last 5 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to end of row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to last 11 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like second. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for the right front to neck. Cast off 4 stitches at front edge. Purl to end of row. Commence pattern on 2nd row of yoke pattern and work to correspond with right front.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 34 sts. Work as given for the back. Inc. at beg. and end of 5th and every following 6th row until there are 42 sts. on needle. Work without shaping until work measures 4ins. from commencement. K 2 tog. each end of every alternate row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. and end of next two rows. Work 6 rows in pattern. Cast off.

CUFFS

Cast on 8 sts. Knit into back of cast-on sts.

1st Row: S 1, * purl into 2nd st. (do not slip off needle). Purl into 1st st., slip both sts. off needle. Repeat from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: S 1, * k into back of 2nd st. (do not slip off needle), k into front of first st., slip both off the needle. Repeat from * to last st., p 1. Repeat these two rows 16 times.

Waistband: Cast on 18 sts. and work as given for the cuffs, until work measures 24ins. (slightly stretched).

To Make-Up: Sew up side and shoulder seams. Join the 6 cast-off sts. of sleeve to knitted edge. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Attach cuffs and waistband.

With wrong side of work facing you, commence crochet at waistband of left front. Double crochet along left front, around neck and along right front. Break off wool, commence at left front and work round to right front. Make buttonholes as follows: 1 d.c. (2 chain, miss 1 d.c., 5 d.c.) thus forming the buttonholes (8 in all). Work 1 row more of d.c. around fronts and neck. With a damp cloth and warm iron lightly press all seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

GREY . . . *kindled with color*

in a charming quartet of glamorous evening informals

● The stem-slim silhouette interpreted in grey sheer wool, contrasted by a whopping band of bright green, extending from the bustline well down over the hips. Yellow flowers on the shoulder and in the hair. (Below.)

● Misty-grey silk sheer spotted in purple is made with graceful skirt and crossover bodice. With it a brief, fitted jacket in purple velvet, edged with scallops. (Above.)

● Long-waisted jacket-top and sheath-like skirt in grey wool with a gathered overskirt lined with brilliant Mexican poppy to match the tiny draped yoke. (Left.)

● Smoke-grey wool jersey with yoke and bell sleeves highlighted with bands of green and fuchsia. Draped fullness is disciplined at the waist with a green-studded belt. (Above.)

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LITTLE MONEY . . . *lots of chic*

CLOTHES are no longer bought haphazardly . . . but selected with infinite care and a fine regard to economy, for things are different now—and it's an exciting word, different. Our wardrobes have lost a lot of their pre-war glamor, but that has been replaced with a stimulating freshness.

You will probably splurge at least half your dress allowance on a stunningly-tailored suit . . . preferably with the new, just-over-the-hips-length jacket and a pleated skirt. But with the addition of a couple of hand-knitted sweaters it will serve you smartly right through winter . . . and come spring you can work a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation and kindle that same suit with a muslin blouse and a flower-freighted hat.

Consider the charm of the jerkin dress and include at least one in your wardrobe. You can ring in so many exciting changes . . . the skirt will offset your hand-knitteds or an odd jacket, while that figure-moulding jerkin looks plus-ultra over tailored slacks . . . In the hands of a girl with a bit of ingenuity the possibilities are limitless!

For dance togs the theme is buoyant, yet restrained, and styles are as sweetly simple as your first party frock. Young things are making lovely, billowy skirts and changing their appearance like a chameleon with a delectable variety of blouses and boleros whipped up from remnants that cost practically nothing.

Have a few pastel wool jackets, and clap them on over your simplest frocks for dinner in town . . . they are pretty expensive if you buy them intact, but enterprising budget escapists can run them up for a few shillings.

• Brown-and-white wool jersey skirt made with the stripes running on one diagonal line all round is topped by a white linen blouse and brown wool jerkin with V neckline.

• Slender black suit with long-torso jacket and gored skirt, overchecked in red and white. With it a nubbly red wool cape that can also be teamed with your dark frocks or an eye-catching royal-blue.

• An inexpensive little frock with a model air. The yellow cotton skirt is printed in a blue-and-white design and worn with a white voile blouse and blue cotton bolero. Clever budgeteers have two or three enchanting tops to league with the same skirt.

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FASHION NONSENSE

Sketched by PETROV

Light-hearted and novel touches inspired in London.

● (1) Checked gingham skirts are charming and easy to make. Take three widths of material, and join. Gather one end of this tube on to a waistband and cover with a self sash, tying in a bow at the back.

● (2) A plain-colored frock stitched round the hem and shoulders with multicolored leaves in every sort of fabric and shade, looking like a fluttering band of patchwork.

● (3) Felt hats with pointed crowns and flat brims decorated by a couple of flat quills thrust anywhere through the crown, as though they are thrown at random.

● (4) Coolie jackets in figured crepe are waist length and hang from a fitted yoke with plain round neck. They are edged with a narrow piping of black. Side seams are slit about two or three inches.

England's smart young things

By ALISON SETTLE in London

● For sub-debs, Cresta sponsors the engaging pinafore style. This one in saxe-blue has a tailored jacket to match and features a pleated skirt. It is worn with a simple white spotted blouse.

● London debutantes select new styles as flattering as they are young-making. Lines are trimly tailored—details spirited.

BLUE and white are this year's colors for youth. Plain navy suits are very much in favor, embellished as they are with youth-making white collars and cuffs. Stripes, spots, checks are all navy, saxe, powder, sky, or baby blue, with white for the twenty-year-olds and under.

Hartnell and Worth both showed lovely white dinner frocks with touches of blue for their youthful clients, while white with a spray of blue flowers and blue buttons on the matching short jacket was one of the youthful highspots in evening dresses at the Geoffrey Fox collection.

Muriel Bellamy favors pencil stripes for youthful types, and in the picture she gives us a delightful striped suit in navy-and-white Welsh wool shirting, with pocket, collar, cuff and rever edgings of navy wool braid. Coat and skirt are worn with a navy cashmere jumper.

The box-pleated skirt has a grand swing about it, and the hip-length jacket with its single button at the waist has a definitely young line. The white felt hat, too, with its navy band round the crown, combines the new masculine line with the "schoolgirl" modes that were so popular a couple of months ago.

Pinafore frocks are always popular with youngsters who don't mind looking young. This year they have appeared in a slightly new form—the skirt with a bib-top worn with or without a hip-length matching jacket.

The picture at left shows how charmingly youthful is the type of ensemble. This model is from Cresta, who specialises in lovely fabrics.

Coat and bib-top skirt are of silk linen in a very soft shade of saxe, with white blouse spotted in navy and saxe.

The skirt is box-pleated all round, and the jacket has the fashionable collarless neckline and slit pockets. The Peter Pan collar of the blouse is worn outside the jacket, giving it an extra youthful look.

Before the war debutantes seemed to hate being dressed in young styles, but lately they have adopted them for almost every occasion. These days youth is definitely at a premium.

● Muriel Bellamy's young-hearted suit in white wool striped with navy and edged with navy wool braid. The tailored jacket comes well over the hips and the skirt is box-pleated.

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MAN IS WHAT WOMAN MAKES HIM

M-M-M- MY WIFE'S MEALS CERTAINLY KEEP ME HEALTHY AND FIT.... SHE SWEARS BY SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3274.—Flattering suit with pleated skirt and trim, boxy jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds. for suit, and 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2142.—Dainty, full-skirted frock with pretty neckline and shaped cummerbund for girls 8 to 14 years. Requires 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

F3275.—Swing skirt in floral topped by a contrasting sweater bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds. for top, and 2½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3268.—Trim young style with high-waisted effect and smart new bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3278.—Spring-like style with very full skirt flowing from a shaped hip-yoke. Ideal for sheer. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3295A—Brand-new tailored suit showing clever new treatment for stripes. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5 to 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2143.—Dinner gown with shirtwaist top, draped hip-yoke, and front skirt fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5 to 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/10.

Special Concession Pattern

TRIO of smart suits to greet spring. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1. Requires 4⅝yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2. Requires 3½yds. dark, and 1½yds. light, 36ins. wide.
No. 3. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

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Pond's "LIPS" stays on Longer

Pond's "Lips" will break a man's heart in two . . . but never your own — because Pond's "Lips" stays on much longer. The last sip of coffee, the last dance, the last kiss, the last cigarette, will find your Pond's "Lips" still glowing with irresistible colour. Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous under bright sunlight as electric light, and each shade is blended scientifically to keep its rich colour. Six smart shades to choose from at all chemists and stores.

MAKE THIS TEST

Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

Pond's Lipstick

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• ROBIN DOYLE, just eighteen, accompanies attractive stepmother Mrs. Ralph Doyle to Randwick races. Her first visit.

• "THERE'S PALESTINE," says Thelma Smale to programme-seller Helen Lloyd (left) at Maps Exhibition, David Jones'.

• PRE-WEDDING celebration for Marcia Collins and Andy Berts. They marry this Friday, St. Stephen's.

• HIGHLAND BALL. Lucy Sinden is partnered for barn dance by piper Ralph Ford, resplendent in Royal Stuart kilt.

Cocktails and vodka . . .

DROP in for cocktails and vodka at party given at Wentworth Hotel in honor of captain and crew of visiting Soviet ship . . . find only two other women and 150 men!

Shipping magnate Sir Thomas Gordon is host. Only four members of ship's crew able to attend. General disappointment that no women of ship's personnel present . . . four women on board are doctor, cook, two stewardesses.

The captain, Tovarisch (comrade) Iaskevitch, is short, dark man with flashing eyes and dressed in well-tailored navy suit. Tells me women are not included in crews of all Soviet ships, but adds, "After 14 years at sea I've found the women a great success at their jobs."

Comrade Francovsky tells me, through interpreter, he has bought wristlet watch in Sydney for his fiancee, who is a chemical engineer. He says also that, as far as he knows, Russian women do not actually fight in Red Army, but many are engaged in medical services, and many trained as pilots and tank drivers.

With tall, dark and handsome Comrade Francovsky I try sip of vodka . . . but only one sip.

So difficult to converse with guests of honor, who scarcely speak English, I don't find out much of what I want to know about their country.

They catch the eye . . .

PHYL MALCOLM REID'S sunglasses with huge red rims.

Mrs. R. V. Bretherton's shirtmaker dinner frock, grey crepe bodice allied to artist's pallette print of purple, blue, and grey flowers.

V.A.'s off duty . . .

SUCH energy displayed at Scottish V.A.D.'s dance at Wentworth . . . eightsome reels, floor demonstrations of casualty clearing station, first aid, stretcher-bearing.

Ruth Barnes and Joan Hunt arrive in evening dress, change into V.A. uniform for floor show, then into kilts to give exhibition of Scottish dances, finally back into evening dress to join their parties.

Major-General J. D. Richardson is host at dinner before dance . . . guests include Mrs. R. L. Snelling, Captain and Mrs. G. Crawford, Miss Mabel McElhone, Mr. H. Macalister. Keen dancer, the General, but he admits eightsome reel is too strenuous . . . not so for Dr. Frank Sharp, though, who even finds time to introduce few Indian steps as well.

Ivy Purdie, Helen Witt, and Gladys Collins arrive, in uniform, from Concord Hospital. No late passes though, so leave about ten o'clock. Major and Mrs. Devenish Meares, Mrs. W. Caldwell, Rose Waghorn, Clarice Sargent, Phoebe Taylor, Elizabeth Sharp others among 330 dancers.

Did you know? . . .

HOT dishes of curried fish and spaghetti will replace usual savories at Prince's, August 22, when the Lord Mayor's Younger Set and W.A.S.C. hold champagne cocktail party.

Voting in table-setting competition, Grace Bros. will aid Sydney Hospital £5000 appeal. Mrs. Tom Bateman, Mme. Andre Brenac, Lorna Searl, Ellis Price, Mrs. Lee Martin, Mrs. Ron Patrick are among the "setters."

A.I.F. romances . . .

SLIGHT boom in wartime romances during last few days. Tall A.I.F. sergeant, Norman Heron, arrives in Sydney on leave, and he and attractive, fair-haired Betty McColl decide to wed few days later at The King's School chapel.

Betty chooses soft grey corduroy suit and matching felt chapeau as bridal ensemble. No reception after ceremony, bride and groom leave immediately for honeymoon. "Been saving this month's petrol coupons madly," says Betty. "Hope they take us as far as Katoomba."

On wedding-eve they celebrate with cocktails at McColl home at Cremorne, then dancing at Prince's. Guests include the Max Palmers, at whose wedding Norman was best man five months ago.

Sergeants wed . . .

FIFTY guests summoned in three days by telephone and telegrams to nuptials of Geraldine Flannery and Lachlan Ussher, St. Mary's, 3 p.m., Thursday. Sergeant Ussher, A.I.F., gets Sydney leave, and brunette fiancee Geraldine dashes up from Cucum South, family home at Cowra.

In day or so bride collects lovely trousseau, including hydrangea crepe bridal frock. Her sister, Mrs. Kevin Delaney, comes from Dara, Cowra, to be witness at ceremony. Country guests who come to town to join in celebrations are the John Julians and Mrs. Richard Julian, of Yass.

Another A.I.F. sergeant who weds while on leave is Max Oakley. His 19-year-old bride, Dulcie Olsen, wears full bridal array, white satin and tulle veil, and is attended by two sisters, Lorraine and Mavis Olsen . . . Lorraine arrives from Coff's Harbor only few hours before wedding. Ceremony takes place at Congregational Church, Campsie.

Say ah! . . .

ANCIENT map of London lent by Mrs. M. Furber takes my eye at Map Exhibition, David Jones', Market Street . . . done in colored needlework. Contains stitchery footnote: "Showing main thoroughfares and the manner of folk to be found there." Harley Street, for instance, is entitled, "Say ah!"

Proceeds of exhibition benefit Malta Relief Fund and Flying Doctor. Naval wives who assist selling programmes and "keeping small boys from poking fingers through the maps" include Mesdames Muirhead-Gould, Leonard Darby, Galfry Gatacre, and the Spurgeons.

Notice Miss Fairfax and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax showing keen interest in "Food Problems in Central Asia" map.

Other spectators . . . Lady Jordan, Ivie Price, Mesdames H. B. Farncomb, G. I. D. Hutcheson, C. J. Pao, Claude Plowman, Macdonald Holmes.

Heard around town . . .

MRS. DOUG MUNRO gave cheery cocktail party at Merriwa home to celebrate coming-of-age of her sister, Philippa White . . . huge bonfire near homestead.

Bonnie Field is working on set of tapestries for mahogany dining-room chairs . . . to grace Killara home after she marries Chris Langsworth.

• BETWEEN-ACTS cigarette for Mrs. Murray Robertson in Minerva foyer during "Eight Bells" performance.

• RECENT BRIDE Mrs. Russell Catts is extremely smart punter at Randwick in navy-and-white striped frock, navy jacket, lipstick-red felt hat.

• YOUTHFUL GUESTS Peter Trebitsch and Hady Mastnak sitting out between dances at Yugoslav Ball, Farmer's.

• ACTRESS Marie Ryan welcomes her mother, Mrs. B. Ryan, when she comes from Gundagai to see Marie play in "Sally," At Theatre Royal.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717071

Continuing . . . Cloudburst

From page 6

SHE hesitated. "Yes, I've been wonderfully lucky. But things don't last for ever. Do you do anything besides fishing?"

"I'm a doctor, a surgeon."

She looked at him curiously and with an odd jerk of her shoulders. "I don't think I like doctors very much."

So that was the line she intended to take. Provocation. Exciting interest by attack. He changed the subject.

"Is it a film you're writing?"

"No, a novel. It came to me suddenly when I was at dinner watching those great blankety clouds wrapping up the mountains. Would you like to hear a bit of it?"

With the eagerness of a novice Nonie filled her lungs and began to read.

"'Dick Valerie was lying in a long Colombo chair savagely chewing a cheroot. From the native quarters came the measured beating of a tom-tom and the chirping of cicadas.'"

Rudyard was acquainted with the symptoms of disordered reference, but this was the limit.

"Why on earth should a Scotch mist inspire this tropical atmosphere?" he demanded, irritably.

She screwed up her face. "It is rather funny. But one thing often suggests something quite different. Would you like to hear the rest?"

He was saved the embarrassment of replying by the appearance of the proprietor.

It was the habit of Mr. Henderson to address his guests in formal speeches.

"Dr. Rudyard, Miss Nonie Dale," he said. "The greatest blessing of mankind is the gift of companionship. I am confident that Miss Nonie Dale must be deeply sensible of the honor that you, Dr. Rudyard, have bestowed in inviting her to share the comforts and felicities of your private sitting-room. From the seeds of such amiable beginnings, the tree of friendship strikes its roots."

And bowing, with hand upon heart, he retired.

"How perfectly lovely," said Nonie. "I say, though, is this really your private sitting-room?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Rudyard, "but I'm only here in the evenings, so if it's of any service to you during the day you're welcome to use it."

It was not a very cordial invitation and the color mounted to her cheeks. "Thanks," she said, "I won't bother you again."

Her tone awakened a latent sense of chivalry.

"No bother. I can't take it with me when I'm fishing."

But Nonie closed her book with an air of finality. At the door she turned and he saw that she was puzzled.

"It's funny," she said, "but you give me the idea of somebody hiding. You see you don't really look like a hermit. Good-night." And she went out.

As a rule Rudyard fell asleep when his head touched the pillow, but on this night he lay in a state of aggravated wakefulness. After his previous experience it was intolerable that sham simplicity should still appeal to him. He was cynically confident that she had deliberately invaded his room, having chosen him from the ranks of superannuated warriors as the most appropriate person to victimise.

That conviction was strengthened the following morning as, while dressing, he saw her from his window. She was wearing a khaki shirt and the shortest of shorts. A group of infatuated gillies were helping to strap a haversack to her back. He could understand their enthusiasm, for in an area destitute of any entertainment the advent of an artist of Nonie's fame offered a glimpse into some bright world beyond the reaches of attainment.

Any hopes of banishing her from his thoughts were dispelled by his gillie, Alan Mackay, for no sooner were the rods and lunch packed in the car than he started to sing her praises. A bonnier wee lassie had never stepped the heather. When he had told his children she was expected, the poor bairns were so excited they barely had a wink of sleep. Even his wife forgot the pains that were gnawing her to ask a thousand questions and repeat a hundred facts she had read about the wee girlie with the voice of a nightingale.

Rudyard turned the subject to the business on hand. "Think we'll do any good to-day?"

Alan shook his head. "With the river see-sawing up and down, we shall have to persevate to get a fish. And unless I'm mistaken there's worse weather piling up behind Ben Druach."

Rudyard looked south to where a black cloud smote the distant mountain. The river was running black and swift when they came to Dalrifail Pool. Bits of heather, sticks, grass, and last year's leaves were coming down with the flood. It was doubtful whether salmon would take the fly.

"We'll have a better chance in the Long Stream," said Alan. "She'll be running higher here with the Mooran Burn and the Black Adder piling up water the way they are."

TRIMLY TAILORED coat of black astrachan with cosy petal collar. Worn with a matching muff and a dramatic toque of platinum fox.

Rudyard looked across the river. On the brae, a half-mile distant, stood Alan's croft with a bent woman hanging washing on the line. A group of children where handing her pegs and wet clothes from a basket. On either side in miniature torrents the Black Adder and the Mooran Burn flung their peaty waters into the parent stream.

"Be a job to cross those burns with the water at this height," said Rudyard.

"Ay. But for the suspension bridge we'd be cut off in weather like this."

That suspension bridge was a flimsy affair, a couple of wire cables passed over double twin posts with a narrow planking hung beneath.

They set up the rod and attached a large Jock Scot.

Before making his first cast, Rudyard saw half a dozen fresh-run fish drilling like torpedoes through the water at the throat of the pool.

"They'll no be waiting for us," said Alan. "It'll be a red one or nothing this day."

But he was wrong, for an hour later Rudyard hooked and landed a thirteen-pound fresh-run salmon with sea lice on it.

They put it in the car, and were eating lunch at the roadside when Nonie appeared. She came down through the heather, straight as a lance, and sang out, "Hullo, it's the Hermit. Fancy meeting you. We can all have lunch together."

Then, seeing by the expression of his face that he did not reflect her mood, she added, "Or is this your private sitting-down place, too?"

"You're as welcome as the flowers in May," said Alan. "How have you spent the morning, Miss?"

"Oh, walking and thinking; and looking at things; and smelling." Then, with a glance at Rudyard, "Don't you think smelling is nice to do?"

His mouth was full of sandwich which saved him the annoyance of having to reply. He thought, "She's off again, confound her."

She held up a bunch of wild flowers. Among them were bright yellow daisies. "Fancy yellow daisies being wild," she said.

Alan said, "When we were bairns we would pick them for me mother who'd boil them up to make a dye from. Many's the yellow jersey she's knitted me from wool gathered among the heather that was spun on her wheel at night."

Nonie looked at him ecstatically. "What a lovely entrance for my picture," she said, "capering in with arms full of daisies and saying, 'Grannie, now I'll be able to have a yellow dress to go to the fair in.'"

To relieve his feelings Rudyard threw an empty beer bottle into the roadside ditch. He heard Alan remark:

"Ay, and that's just what a young girl might say. Their thoughts are never far from the pretty things they hope to wear." And he looked at Nonie with a paternal eye. "Did you fall in with any folks on your wanderings?"

Nonie nodded. "Only one, and he was a tinker. At least he said so, but he was breaking great big mussels with a stone beside a brook, and, when I asked him what for, he said he was looking for pearls; so I went away because when anybody's as mad as that you'd rather not meet them all alone on a moor."

Alan chuckled. "It was no lie he was telling you, Miss. Many's a pearl I've found in mussels at the bottom of a burn."

"Oh dear," said Nonie, "I hope he didn't think I was rude. I'll tell him I'm sorry if I see him again. The only other person I talked to was the friendliest lamb. It came bouncing towards me just as if I was little Mary."

"Alan," said Rudyard, grimly, "take my rod and see what you can do with it at the tail of the run. I'll be along in a minute."

"Why did you send him away?" asked Nonie, as Alan reluctantly departed.

"Because I want a few minutes' talk alone."

"Well?"

"I've no doubt many people might be entertained by your girlish prattle, but the effect it has on me is a desire to drown you in a bucket along with the other professional kittens who encumber this world."

Nonie seemed more perplexed than offended.

"I dare say I have been rather silly, but so would you be if you were worried."

"Ah, go on!" he said. "You haven't a worry in the world and you know it."

"Oh, yes I have, and doctors are one of them. They smile and smile and don't mean a thing."

"You could hardly accuse me of smiling."

"No, that's why I decided to talk to you."

"IT was a fatal decision. I happen to possess a horror of shams. You'd be wiser to display your unique talents for naivete to a less sophisticated audience."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The simple folks who live on these moors, for instance. A visit from you would mean a lot to them. The papers said you were going to appear as a crofter's daughter. They'll be proud as peacocks to entertain a real actress and give you all they have to offer. You might even go to the length of singing for your supper by way of return."

She flinched as though stung by a whip.

"Oh, but I couldn't," she said, and as she spoke thunder pealed among the hills.

"Just what I thought," said he. "The plaything would not play without a cheque."

He turned and walked down to the river.

For the next hour and a half Alan fished the three pools upstream without result. They were near the suspension bridge when the storm started. They were nearer to Alan's croft than the car, and it was his proposal that Rudyard should take refuge there.

He had a double motive in suggesting it, for the last few days his wife had complained of severe pains on her right side, and although as a northerner he was loath to ask favors of any man, he felt that once the doctor was beneath his roof he might be disposed to offer a friendly suggestion.

Together they crossed the narrow throbbing suspension bridge and between ear-splitting claps of thunder heard an angry roar as the waters swelled to overflowing. As they stepped from the bridge on the farther bank they saw the river racing towards them. It wrenched at the crazy posts which supported the cables of the bridge.

From twenty yards away they looked down into that welter and saw the tottering posts heel over before the force that assailed them, then one after another snap short at their concrete housings. And the slackened cables, plunging the bridge into mid-stream, drew tight, and parted at their mooring on the left bank, so that the whole bridge whipped downstream like the tail of a kite. In a matter of seconds John Rudyard was cut off from civilisation. With the flood at its present height no human being could have crossed the burns alive, and to have climbed the moorland brae would have meant walking over peaty marshland and through hundreds of swollen burns for more than twenty miles to the hotel.

"You'll be here for the night, sir, and maybe longer," said Alan. "Loshi it's a fearful flood. A mercy we weren't on the bridge when the waters struck her, for we shouldn't have lived to tell the tale."

Through the beating rain they climbed to the croft. There was a scullery place through which they must pass before entering the living-room, and here they stopped to remove wet mackintoshes and Rudyard's waders. From the room beyond came the eager sound of children's voices. They held a pleading note, but since they all talked together it was impossible to hear what they said. Then in a tired voice a woman spoke:

Please turn to page 32

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China's College of Amazons

Cave-dwelling students work to liberate their country from Japan

A Book to Read

The strongest women's college in the world is described by Edgar Snow, American newspaper correspondent, in his latest book, "Scorched Earth."

"Scorched Earth" is a study of the Sino-Japanese war. This "College of Amazons" is a product of war conditions and exists in 200 caves in the hills near Yenan, headquarters of the Communist Army and Party in Free China.

SINCE the differences between the Chinese Reds and the Chiang Kai-shek armies were settled, the Red Army, now called the Eighth Route Army, has concentrated on guerrilla warfare with its rear headquarters at Yenan.

"In this college," writes Snow, "which girdles two mountains, are about 400 girls and women engaged in the study of everything from spinning and the care of infants to the complexities of English and Russian grammar.

"On the flanks of other hills nearby lay geometrical patterns of millet and vegetables where students tilled their own crops every morning, rising about dawn to work for two hours in the fields before attending classes.

"I spent a wide-eyed day there visiting the college classrooms and dormitories, and consuming a tasty vegetarian meal prepared in the college co-operative cafeteria.

"Communist women were improving in looks, I could not help incidentally observing when Meng Chin-Su, head of a department in the University, took me from cave to cave, accompanied by three other teachers.

"Faculty and students all wore cotton uniforms, cloth or straw shoes or sandals, and army caps on their bobbed hair. No rouge. From a distance you could not tell them from boys.

Young—smiling

"THEY had the ready smile you see in the working people everywhere in China without which the country would be as intolerable to most foreigners as an eternally overcast sky . . .

"About 60 per cent. of the students were 19 or 20 years old; the rest were over 20, but under 30, except for five over 30.

"One student, a factory worker and famous labor organiser, was 41.

"The majority were unmarried, but about one out of ten had a husband in the Party, at the front, or in some kind of war work.

"A State University for women in this remote corner was surprising enough. To find it with women from nearly all provinces of China in the midst of war was astonishing.

"Most of the women from the occupied areas had come by dangerous guerrilla trails from hundreds of miles behind the Japanese lines.

Two-way face stretch

"THE hospitality of the Japanese cranium to self-deception and inverted thinking is something that passes all understanding," writes Edgar Snow in his latest book, "Scorched Earth."

"When Admiral Harry Yarnell was in command of the American Asiatic fleet he visited General Iwane Matsui, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in Southern China.

"'General Matsui seemed such a nice old gentleman,' the admiral said, 'that I asked him what his hobby was. I knew he had been brought back from the retired list and thought he might be a lot happier painting scrolls or training pigeons.

"'He drew himself up to his full five feet of dignity and replied without batting an eyelid, "My hobby for many years, Admiral, has been to promote sincere friendship between China and Japan."'"

"Here was a real hunger for education. How many girls would hike 500 miles through war zones to enter a college of caves where they had to grow their own patch of vegetables?

"Most of the students were daughters of workers or peasants. The rest were from middle-class families, except for a dozen or so known as 'the capitalists.'

"Outstanding among the latter was the daughter of the Singapore-born Chinese millionaire, Hu Wen-hu, who made his fortune out of a panacea guaranteed to cure anything from warts to cancer . . .

"There were three classes of students. Several could not read or write when they arrived. They were put in a special class to study the Chinese language, social problems, hygiene, political and military 'common sense,' and a brief history of the Communist Party.

"The secondary class had courses in social history, political economy, problems of the Chinese Communist Party, military problems, elementary philosophy, and problems in public health.

"The higher research class took political economy, Marxism and Leninism, philosophy, history of the world revolution, and one foreign language.

"Here students were trained as leaders in war work or political work, teaching, propaganda, medical work, co-operative organisation and so on.

"There were optional courses in English, Russian, Japanese, literature and music, bookkeeping, shorthand, journalism, and weaving and spinning.

"The whole thing was war improvisation or 'emergency education.' But it seemed intensely practical.

"It was nothing less than an earthquake in the lives of the North Shensi people to have a school of any kind for women.

"Before the Reds entered this area they were still hired out as labor, like donkeys and mares, while the males stayed home and collected the wages.

"General entrance requirements were sound health, a co-operative spirit, and a readiness to fight in the national struggle for the emancipation of women.

"A wall surrounded the administration buildings and the big gate was guarded by girl sentries with business-like bayonets.

"The majority of the graduates went into rural education work, and the second largest number returned to their homes in the guerrilla districts to lead in mass organisation.

"A few entered the Resistance University for further military training.

"An advantage of the caves is their virtual invulnerability to bombs. (Yenan was practically razed to the ground by the Japanese.)

A CHINESE woman guerrilla fighter. Thousands of China's emancipated women are fighting Japan.

"Lodging, food, books, and tuition were all free, but students were required to furnish their own bedding and uniforms.

"Since they grew most of their own food, food was a small item.

"Roughly, the whole cost of establishment and maintenance figured out at less than two shillings per month per student!"

"Scorched Earth." By Edgar Snow. Victor Gollancz. (Our copy from N.S.W. Bookstall Library.)

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Continuing . . . Cloudburst

From page 30

"IT'S a sin to ask such a favor, Miss, but if maybe you'd give us just one verse of song the children would be proud to remember all their living days."

"But—but I don't think I can." With sudden anger Rudyard recognised the speaker as Nonie.

But for the fact that he was half in and half out of his waders he would have pushed open the door and commanded her to sing. But it was the pleadings of the children that prevailed.

"Oh, very well, I'll try, but you mustn't expect too much." And suddenly and dismayingly she broke into as wretched a travesty of song as ever he had heard. The sounds were more like a run-down gramophone than anything else. Abruptly as they started they stopped, and with a choke that might have been laughter or tears the door flew open and Nonie ran out, stumbling over his extended legs and falling full-length upon the stone floor.

Scrambling to her feet and looking at him with frightened eyes, she dragged open the second door and darted out into the rain. Pulling up his waders, Rudyard went in pursuit. "You can't get away, the bridge is down," he shouted.

But she did not stop until she saw that what he said was true. Then he stepped up and took her by the wrist.

"That was a pretty lamentable exhibition," he said. "I suppose you thought that with an audience like that anything would do."

"I'm not going to talk about it," she replied. "I've told you I want to get away."

"I can believe that," he replied, "but it can't be done." And roughly he turned her towards the croft.

"I can't go back," she sobbed. "They'll think I was trying to make fun of them."

"And weren't you?"

"How can you be such a fool?" she said.

He shrugged. "Both of us have our own ideas of fair play, and I dare say a little humble pie will do you no harm."

And then he saw that she was crying, but since Fiona had always resorted to tears in moments of extremity he was not impressed.

"The trouble with your sort," he said, "is that you never stop to consider the effect you produce on other people. Nature's endowed you with all the gifts in her possession, and you use them to cause others to make fools of themselves. Well, that's all right among the people who can defend themselves, but it's hitting below the belt to disillusion simple people like these. Now, young woman, you're coming back, and although you won't be a penny the richer for it, you're going to sing to these Mackay kids as you've never sung before."

"That's just how it would be," she replied, "but you're too stupid and too hurt to understand why."

But, as they entered the little croft, they heard a moan so eloquent of pain that it held them rooted. Rudyard stepped forward and entered the living-room. Near the fireplace the children were gathered in a frightened group watching their mother, who sat with pain-drawn face, bent double.

"What's all this?" said Rudyard, and looked into her face.

"The pain," she moaned, "I just can't stand it," and pressed her side.

Rudyard looked swiftly at Alan. "How long has this been going on?"

"On and off, sir, the last six weeks, but it's never taken her so badly before."

The moan rose to a scream in which the children joined for very terror.

"Why wasn't I told?" said Rudyard. "We've got to get her into hospital straight away."

Behind him he heard a husky "How? The bridge is down." That was Nonie, practical for the first time in their acquaintance.

He glared at her. "Get these children into the other room and keep them amused." Then to Alan, "You too. I'm going to make an examination."

Nonie said: "Come along," and herded the children out. Alan followed, looking over his shoulder with scared eyes and closing the door behind him.

Nonie's prattle was a huge success with the children. She was telling them the most idiotic story when Rudyard appeared, and nodded her over to a corner of the room.

"Appendix," he said in a low voice.

"Dangerous?"

"The only hope is to operate at once."

"With what?"

"That's it!" said Rudyard, and there was anger and impotence in his voice.

Alan had joined them. He looked stupid and dazed.

Nonie said, "Have you anything at the hotel?"

"Yes, but that might be in another continent."

Nonie said, "I could climb the hill and skirt round above the burns."

Alan shook his head. "In this weather? You wouldn't be back by this time to-morrow."

Rudyard said, "If we're to save her it must be done at once."

"Where are the things you want?" Nonie asked.

"In my sitting-room. A black bag under the table."

"I remember," she said. "I put my feet on it. Is everything you want there?"

"More or less. Why ask silly questions?"

Nonie didn't seem to hear that. She was thinking of the road which ran alongside the opposite bank.

"Those other fishermen," she asked. "Would any of them have been fishing higher up stream?"

Rudyard did not reply; he was wondering what could be done with a penknife and a pair of scissors and no anaesthetic. Nothing.

Alan nodded stupidly.

"There'd be rods on numbers one and two, and maybe trout fishermen from the loch."

Nonie said, "Do what you can for her," and ran out into the drowning rain.

Against a penthouse was Rudyard's rod, and she took it with her as she went downhill. To the slender top joint she tied a handkerchief, her eyes riveted upon the road. In that downpour she could not see more than a hundred yards ahead, but after what seemed an eternity a motor car loomed through the mist. It had almost passed before its occupant saw the fluttering handkerchief on the rod end. Then Colonel Bessamer, grumbling, came down to the opposite bank.

Above the roar of the river he could not hear what the girl was shouting; her gestures, too, were meaningless. All he got was an impression of panic and urgency. A hundred yards away the river narrowed and boiled between two high walls of rock. He beckoned towards the spot and, on opposite banks, they approached it. Even then, ten minutes was wasted before she made him understand, and summoning up a parade-ground voice, long rusty from disuse, he yelled, "I'll be back with it in half an hour."

That half-hour would have been the longest Nonie had ever known but for the number of things she had to do to occupy it.

The first was to remove the cast from Rudyard's line and attach a stone the size of her fist. Her fruitless effort to cast the stone from one bank to the other only resulted in a foot being broken off the top joint of the rod. She thought that this would spoil her chances but discovered that it improved them. The extra stiffness gained gave added vigor to the cast, and when presently she discovered the button that released the check from the reel and allowed the line to run free, she succeeded in casting her stone so that it lodged between a cleft in the rock on the opposite flank. Then, making fast the line she raced back to the cottage and put on a kettle.

Rudyard did not notice what she was doing—he was holding the woman's hands—so Nonie went back to the river and presently the car appeared.

This time the colonel had been joined by several others. Fear clutched at her heart when they attached the bag to the salmon line and launched it into that race of dividing waters. The sudden drag as the current seized it almost wrenched the rod from her hand.

She clung on for dear life, and to reduce the strain raced downstream with the line screaming out against the check. She saw the bag strike a sharp needle of rock, cannon sideways into an eddy and come to rest. As she reeled in, the sneck rings on the rod ripped out from their lashings, but the bag was hers.

Spurred by cheers from the opposite bank, she pounded up the hill and planted the bag on the cottage table.

"Get back to the children. I'll let you know what happens," was all Rudyard said.

Nonie shook her head. "I'm going to help. We're on common ground here."

For the first time he looked at her with a gleam that was almost human in his eye, "I'll have trouble enough without you fainting all over the place."

He opened the bag and viewed its dripping contents. In the bottle that held the chloroform was a hair crack and the sickly sweetness of the stuff filled the air.

"Thank heaven it isn't broken," he said. "Well, here goes. Be ready to do what you're told and we may make a go of it yet."

And while the storm raged and thundered overhead, professional and amateur strove to save that woman's life.

It is a point of honor with salmon fishermen never to think of anything else, which makes it the more remarkable that, despite the weather, a file of six cars waited on the opposite bank three hours for news. The storm had passed when Nonie came from the cottage and rested her head against its grey stone wall.

THE unusual sight of that string of cars came to her slowly. She couldn't go down and talk to their owners because she was going to be sick. She contrived by gesture to inform them that all was well.

A few minutes later she heard Rudyard's voice calling, and went to meet him. Together they sat on a rock and he said: "If ever a man should have been kicked from here to Timbuctoo, I'm the fellow."

There wasn't anything one could say about that, so she said nothing, and he went on. "There's only one thing that still puzzles me. Why, though you were prepared to save the life of a stranger, you grudged her one little song."

"But I didn't," said Nonie. "My singing days are over. That's why I thought I'd better write a novel or something."

He shook his head and groaned. "More of that naive stuff?"

"I'm not being naive. The doctor who took out my tonsils nicked my vocal cords. You can understand now why I don't like doctors."

He took her hands and gripped them hard.

"Oh, my dear, what am I going to say?"

"Nothing. He couldn't help it. Anyway, I might change my mind about them after to-day."

A huge angry monster, the river pounded by before them. To left and right, twin cataracts hemmed them in. Behind them rose the mountains like the walls of a prison. They didn't mind.

(Copyright)

Musical half-hour for housewives

New afternoon session from 2GB

To provide additional entertainment for the wide audience which tunes regularly to The Australian Women's Weekly session on 2GB at 4.30 p.m., the station has now arranged to introduce a further half-hour of music at 5 p.m., prepared by John Dease.

There are few more popular musical programmes on the air than The Australian Women's Weekly session and the decision of 2GB to devote the 5 to 5.30 p.m. period also to music was largely the result of listener requests for a John Dease musical presentation at that time.

THE programme, which will be entitled "Music For You," will be a typical John Dease presentation. It will be on the air when many housewives have time for relaxation and will embody the best in popular music and some light classics, including those melodies which everybody recognises, even though they do not know the numbers by name. In the half-hour, too, will be shopping suggestions from one of Sydney's largest department stores.

"Music For You" will be broadcast each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 5 p.m. Continuing the same sequence, 5 p.m. Saturdays will see another musical half-hour, but this time the presentation will be in keeping with the title, which is "Swing Time." Compere of "Swing Time" will be George Nichols, brother of Joy Nichols, who has become firmly established since he came to 2GB from Tasmania a few weeks ago. "Swing Time" will be a half-hour for the rhythm fans.

The 5 p.m. musical half-hour is the latest addition to 2GB's daytime "On the Hour" presentation.

On week days the hourly programme schedule now reads:—

8 a.m., "Notes For You" (Robin Ordell); 9 a.m., "Hymns of All Churches"; 10 a.m., "Marie Antoinette"; 11 a.m., "Morning Tea Music"; 12 noon, "The Silver King"; 1 p.m., "King's Cross Flats"; 2 p.m., "Chasing Your Troubles Away" (Ellis Price); 3 p.m., Music with Frank Sturge Harty; 4 p.m., "Sacrifice"; 5 p.m., "Music For You"; 6 p.m., "John Dease's Radio Reporter Session."

JOHN DEASE

"Your Morning Tea Music," broadcast at 11 a.m., features numbers of the same quality as those prepared by John Dease for the 5 o'clock session. Planned to provide mid-morning relaxation for the housewife at home, the session features the best in popular music and the best of the light classics.

That it has been welcomed is proved by the appreciative listener response received by 2GB since the session was included in the programme a few weeks ago.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write K. G. Turnley & Son, 296 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

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U.S. women train for home defence

Three branches of civilian emergency war work

By LINDA LITTLEJOHN

Who has returned from a lecture tour of the United States.

An important part of American women's war work is the preparation for their national defence.

We should make some reference to Canada also, because Canada and the U.S. have formed a joint Board of Defence, and in the event of any attack on America the task of defence would be shared by both peoples.

I found in Canada that they had followed the same lines as we did in Australia in the early stages, and that they had a great number of defence organisations each working in its own way.

THERE was no co-ordinated effort at all and the Government was exceedingly unhelpful and still seemed to think that the task of women in defence was unimportant.

In spite of this attitude, the women continued to prepare themselves and hoped by their very efficiency to persuade the Government that they must have their proper place and proper recognition in the country's defence.

In the United States, organised women are a very powerful force, and; therefore, are able to bring their influence to bear on those matters which they feel are vital.

But there, too, in the early stages, the women organised in innumerable independent groups all doing good work, but all feeling that in the event of a crisis their efficiency would be impaired unless they were a co-ordinated body.

The first attempt to meet with success was the American Women's Voluntary Service.

Wide training

THIS is is an organisation somewhat resembling our W.A.N.S., but covering an even wider series of training. I had the privilege of attending one of their conventions and explaining to them what Australian women are doing.

This organisation has grown very rapidly and is well managed and efficient. Their work covers the same ground as our W.A.N.S., but they also include work which we would consider comes within the sphere of the ordinary municipal authorities.

In June this year, however, Mr. Roosevelt announced that he was appointing Mayor La Guardia as head of the Civilian Defence Board.

In this work women would play an important role and by degrees all these organisations which have been launched will be co-ordinated and developed.

Mayor La Guardia proposes three subdivisions: (1) Public safety, including fire protection, health and hospital work, and prevention of panics. (2) Engineering, including removal of debris from streets and steps to ensure functioning of water, gas, electricity, and essential services. (3) Shelters and supply which would handle problems of food, evacuation of bombed homes, and welfare work of all kinds.

Every State is now preparing to organise women for whatever section in this programme they are best fitted.

Even the children are going to be trained for such jobs as salvaging urgently-needed materials and for running messages.

The first big organisation to face the question was the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, and they asked their members to help awaken the American people to the anti-democratic forces threatening them.

They urged their people to make immediate decisions on how to speed up production, how to deliver the goods, should they use naval forces to protect merchant shipping; what would be the consequences if they did, and what would be the consequences if they did not.

Heated discussion

THE next important step was the Convention of the Federated Clubs of the United States.

A representative for and against aid to Britain addressed the conference. An intensely heated atmosphere prevailed. The delegates "slept on the discussion" and next day the majority voted all-out aid to Britain and convoys if necessary.

With this pronouncement was established the position of thinking American women in the present crisis.

With the American capacity for planning and organisation we can now rest assured that splendid work will be done.

Since the United States in its civilian defence programme has found a place for women, perhaps the Canadian Government will shortly follow suit and absorb its women officially into Canada's defence programme.

The airwomen of America will also play a very important part.

Just recently Miss Jacqueline Cochrane, America's leading air ace, flew a bomber to Great Britain, and is acquainting herself with what the British airwomen are doing.

AERIAL NURSES' corps at Seattle (U.S.A.) in training under conditions as near to chemical warfare as possible.

AMERICAN WOMEN in uniform. From left: Utility apron, working nurse, air-raid warden, dress uniform for warden, canteen dress, working nurse. These workers will be co-ordinated into one organisation for civil defence jobs.

TIME

DOESN'T "TALK DOWN" TO WOMEN

TIME *IS THE NEWSMAGAZINE FOR WOMEN WHO DEMAND THE RIGHT TO* KNOW

SUGAR-COATED journalism for women should have gone out with the crinoline. The old libel that you can't think beyond scanties, scandals and social gossip is wiped off the slate by the amazing popularity of America's TIME Newsmagazine among women. ¶ The World War and Foreign News Sections of TIME are intelligent without being high-brow: hard-hitting without brow-beating. So great are their reputations for reliable and vivid news writing that they have three times the circulation of any news magazine sections in the world. ¶ The World War and Foreign News Sections of TIME are an authentic close-up of everything that matters in world affairs . . . everything that is being discussed . . . everything your friends argue about. Its facts are gathered by on-the-spot newsmen in every corner of the globe; an international organisation acknowledged to be the greatest unofficial intelligence service in the world. ¶ Every Saturday afternoon the complete contents of TIME'S World War and Foreign News Sections are radio-telephoned to the Sunday Telegraph for publication in the Sunday Telegraph TIME Newsmagazine supplement.

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IN MIDDLE-AGE— KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if passage is frequent and scanty, accompanied by burning and smarting, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day. They are a special remedy for the kidneys and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm or if he is listless, loses appetite and is always scratching—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders — a sure way of keeping him fit. BARKO purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

Doubting Heart

Continued from page 5

HIS voice contained an unusual curtness which sent Coates hurrying. The tea came quickly, freshly made and piping hot. There were some letters, too, which Coates placed with gratifying respect upon the table. Stephen felt uplifted. It just showed what a little self-assertion could do for a man in his own house. He turned to the letters.

Most of them were bills. A dressmaker's bill — Alicia, apparently. First he had heard of "three Junior Miss Suits" and two pairs of "play suits." Play suits? What the devil were they, anyway? Things toddlers wore, he'd always understood. The term irritated him as much as the ridiculous price which the London dressmaker considered they were worth. The next was Alicia's, too—art school fees. He sighed. Peter's would be in, next.

There were household accounts and more dress accounts—Margaret's, this time. He sighed again and looked up at the sound of her light step.

"Darling," she said, "if the box had another twenty-one and ninepence the fund would reach the round sum of twenty pounds and we'd be able to have that recreation hut for the evacuated children. Michael wants to—but I won't let him. He's lost enough this afternoon!"

"So you'd like me to add it?" Stephen said, a trifle wearily.

"Darling — do you mind? I thought it would be rather a nice gesture!"

"Of course."

Quietly, he complied—as she had known he would. She kissed him, then flew back to the lounge not noticing, in her haste, the unusual lack of warmth in his response.

Stephen sat quite still after she left. An idea was being born in his mind which at first staggered him with its daring and then amazed him with its simplicity. It would provide an answer, as no other method would, to the bewildering question which was tormenting him—what exactly did he mean to this family of his? How exactly did they look upon him? Merely as a never-failing source of finance; the supplier of necessities and luxuries; in fact, the universal provider and nothing more?

It would be so simple to find out—and yet such agony, perhaps, to know. Would he, if he took this plunge, which was growing ever more tempting, ever more urgent, wish—later—that he had not?

The confused babel of farewells within the house had ceased. He heard the familiar hum of Michael Rickard's car roar and fade away. The house seemed queerly silent. Somewhere, he heard Margaret's voice call to Alicia. Peter's tuneless, penetrating whistle echoed harshly, from somewhere upstairs. From the lounge came the tired, relieved voices of Clara and Coates as they cleared away.

"Clara!" Stephen called.

She appeared promptly at the peremptoriness of his call.

"Ask your mistress if she will join me on the terrace—at once. And Miss Alicia, too. And Master Peter."

Clara departed to do his bidding. He noted with satisfaction that she departed with more alacrity than usually favored his orders.

It would have been easier, Stephen decided after it was all over, if Margaret had not looked so lovely, if she had not worn that turquoise velvet housecoat which he had bought her in Paris and in which he loved her so.

She walked on to the terrace, smiling at him as she always smiled—affectionately, sincerely. Swiftly, he averted his eyes. It was safer, that way—otherwise he might relent and then he would never find out what he wanted to find out.

"Alicia's just changing," said Margaret. "Did you want her, too, Stephen? Is it anything important?"

"Yes, to both questions. It is important, and she must be here."

"Stephen, how grim you sound!" Margaret laughed. "All right, I'll fetch her."

"And Peter."

Margaret looked surprised.

"All right, dear."

ALICIA appeared to bear her father no malice for his earlier boorishness.

"What is this?" she laughed. "A family conference?"

"Something of the sort." Stephen tried to curb his abruptness.

"Better make it snappy, then, daddy. I've a date this evening."

"With the dimples?"

Alicia's firm little chin went up.

"No," she replied, coolly. "As a matter of fact, he's taken his dimples to the Royal Fusiliers. They go rather well with khaki."

Margaret looked at them in concern. She hated it when father and daughter clashed like this. She threw a warning glance at Stephen. "Don't be unkind," it said. "He's a nice boy, really. They're young, that's all."

But Stephen avoided her glance. He knew he was being surly and the fact that his eyes now fell on the pile of bills did not serve to sweeten his temper.

"By the way," he said, "what are 'play suits'?"

Alicia looked up, startled.

"They're a kind of beach suit—skirt-cum-shorts. Is that the bill you're frowning at? They're quite reasonable, I think, daddy."

"I expect the dressmaker thinks so, too."

"Well, after all, I only ordered two pairs—I can buy the rest ready made."

"The rest? How many pairs of 'play suits' does a growing young woman need, then?"

Peter, in the background, snorted. Alicia ignored him.

"Several, if she's holidaying with the Freemans."

"I didn't know you were holidaying with the Freemans."

"That was what I came home to see you about, daddy. They're going to Scotland this year, and they want me to join them."

"For how long?"

"A couples of months. I may, mayn't I, daddy?"

"You've taken that for granted already, I think," her father replied, eyeing the bills again.

Alicia's girlishly musical laugh bubbled up.

"As a matter of fact, daddy darling, I have. But why not? I knew you wouldn't refuse."

"Two months with the Freemans will be expensive."

"But not as expensive as Biarritz last year! Besides, daddy, you've never quibbled before——"

"There wasn't a war, before."

Margaret, looking on in quietly growing concern, said now, gently:

"Stephen—have we been too extravagant? Are those bills so terrible?"

"No more so than usual."

"Then why the heavy parent, darling?" piped Alicia. "Or is it just parental conscience suddenly asserting itself?"

Margaret silenced Alicia with a gesture.

"Stephen—is anything the matter?"

"Yes, Margaret. The fact is, I can't pay these bills."

"Can't pay?"

"Daddy!"

Peter let out a low whistle.

"Stephen — you mean — we've no money, suddenly? What has happened, Stephen?"

Margaret's voice was sharp with concern. He wished he could define whether her concern was for himself or herself or all of them—or merely for the fact that her dress bills could not be met.

"Just that," he said. "Things have been doing badly. War, you know."

What an excellent excuse, he thought irrelevantly, the war made for a number of things—rising prices, rising emotions; loss of money, loss of morals. And now he was using it himself—to find out just how much his family would want him were he unable to fulfil his customary role of universal provider.

"As badly as all that, Stephen?" said Margaret, quietly.

"As badly as that."

"Poor Stephen—and you didn't tell me!"

"So that was why you were home early!" Alicia suddenly exclaimed.

"Exactly, Alicia. That is why I can't afford to give you two months with the Freemans, even in Scotland."

"Gosh, Dad!" said Peter. His young face looked bewildered. "D'you mean we're broke?" he said. "Absolutely stony?"

His father could not meet his eyes.

"Something like that," he replied, uncomfortably.

There was a sickening little silence on the pleasant terrace. Margaret was the first to speak.

"Well—we're not the only ones. Hundreds of people have been hit by the war. We must make the best of things. Don't worry, Stephen. We'll manage."

She touched his cheek lightly, comfortingly. A lump rose in Stephen's throat. He turned away to avoid meeting her eyes and she passed on into the house. Alicia followed. She looked a little stunned and bewildered. At the french windows, she turned.

"Does this mean I must give up my art studies?" she asked.

"No," Stephen evaded. "Not yet, anyway."

He sat for a moment, quietly, after they had gone, trying to define their separate reactions. He rose heavily and turned to go indoors. Peter's voice stopped him. He had forgotten his son.

"After all, Dad," said young Peter, "I could sell my rabbits!"

There was an evening glory in the sky, a warm radiance which wrapped itself round Stephen's heart. He smiled at his son and his smile spoke volumes.

"You could," he agreed, "but that won't be necessary, either, Peter. Thanks, all the same."

Margaret's voice in the telephone recess off the hall interested him on his way upstairs.

"But I must see you, Michael! Tomorrow! It's urgent. No, I can't now. You're the only man I can turn to—I need you. Yes, lunch if you like. All right. One-fifteen."

Her voice was lowered. Obviously, she wanted no one to hear.

Stephen went on upstairs. The evening glory had suddenly faded and his heart was heavy as he changed. She had turned to Michael Rickard, as he had feared she would. She needed him now. Hadn't she said so herself? She no longer needed her husband.

He slept little that night. If his family expected him to portray broken, disillusioned manhood as he left for the office next morning, they were not disappointed, for his face was drawn and haggard, his eyes haunted.

Please turn to page 36

THIS Stiebel model is of blue fibre crepe with unpressed pleats, shell buttons, and shell and straw embroidery.

GLORIFYING RESULTS *of New Shampoo Proved by Scientific* HALF-HEAD *Tests*

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Like the lion, which symbolises their sign, Leonian men must be "heads" in their own spheres; like the lioness the women will fight viciously to protect their children.

LEONIANS — people born between July 23 and August 24—possess many of the characteristics commonly displayed by the lion.

They are proud, unhappy if not admired and respected, and liable to be cruel and ill-tempered if humiliated, disdained, or rebuffed, or if their children or other loved ones are hurt or disparaged.

Many earn fame as flirts because of their inherent desire to impress. This makes them bestow attention which recipients may consider more personal than is intended.

But once the heart of these people has been given, their loyalty is indisputable.

Leonians usually find greatest happiness when with friends or partners belonging to Aries (March 21 to April 21), Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22), Gemini (May 22 to June 22), Aquarius (January 20 to February 19), and their own sign.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make much of August 12 (between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m.), but be cautious on August 13 (near sunrise and after 6 p.m.). Afternoon of August 13 just fair. August 16 (afternoon hours) helpful too. Plan well and work hard.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Caution strongly advised, particularly on August 15 (to noon and around midnight). August 14 and 18 (forenoon) poor. Keep to routine tasks and avoid important changes, decisions, upsets.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for modest advancements on August 13 (from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. only). August 16 (from noon till 5 p.m.), and August 17 (from 2 to 4 p.m. and after 9 p.m.). Hard work will pay dividends.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unspectacular. Best results from stabilising past gains or present conditions. August 12 and 18 (morning) and August 19 can produce minor difficulties and upsets.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keep busy seeking promotion and other gains. August 12 (after 11 a.m. and before 6 p.m. only) can be helpful. August 13 (mid-afternoon), August 16 (from noon till 6 p.m.), and August 17 (between 2 and 4 p.m. and around midnight) should be utilised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days for most Virgoans, but August 15 (midnight), 16 (around sunrise), 17 (around noon), and 18 (from sunrise till noon) can produce mild obstacles.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair opportunities for wide-awake Librans. Utilise August 16 (from noon till 6 p.m.), August 17 (between 2 and 4 p.m. and around midnight), and August 18 (before sunrise only), if possible.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be wary. Difficulties, delays, upsets, discord and worry can follow rashness or carelessness, especially on August 13 and 14 (mildly difficult), and August 15 (before 1 p.m. and after 9 p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A good week for many Sagittarians, but chiefly in reaction to matters set in motion earlier this month or August 12 (between 11 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.). Daylight of August 13 mildly helpful, too, but not for starting important ventures. Be very cautious on August 18 (a.m.).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just a week of days for most Capricornians, though opportunities may soon be glimpsed. Concentrate on getting outstanding matters out of the way, and in planning for the near future. Things improve soon. Meanwhile August 12 (morning) and August 18 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Take no risks at this time, for you are likely to come out of them badly. Losses, upsets, quarrels, opposition and lack of judgment can all bring you trouble and regrets. Be guarded on August 12 (morning), August 13 (evening), August 14, August 15 (before noon and after 9 p.m.), and August 18. Live quietly then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): Uneventful week for most Piceans. August 17 (around noon), August 18 (morning), and August 19 (evening) poor. Mildly helpful on August 15 (between 2 and 10 p.m.).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are working on the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum, where
DR. WHITE: Is director. Their efforts are scorned by
DR. BENDAR: Assistant curator, but they are helped by
SONNY WHITE: Daughter of Dr. White. With Mandrake she visits the museum at night, and takes a flashlight picture of the "Mummy" as it is walking.

After having developed the photograph they are mysteriously locked in the basement, and poison gas is pumped under the door. They are rescued by Dr. White, but Mandrake decides to enter the Mummy case and have all the lights turned off. NOW READ ON

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . . Price 6d.

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Doubting Heart

Continued from page 34

THE day was tortuous and long, despite a sudden spurt of business which kept him busy and kept him late. He was tortured by the thought of Margaret's infidelity. What, he wondered wretchedly, hopelessly, had she said to Michael Rickard, what plans had they made? "Come to me," Rickard would say. "I can take care of you, Margaret. I've always wanted to. We'll be happy together, too. We're more of an age . . ."

Then she would come home and tell him. "What use is there in our going on, Stephen? You can't support me, now."

He was not a bit surprised to find his wife had not returned. He sank down wearily in his favorite armchair. Quick, light footsteps sounded in the hall—but they were not Margaret's. Alicia stood in the doorway. For a minute or two she looked at him, her face softened by an unusual tenderness.

"I just wanted to tell you, daddy, not to worry about my art fees. There won't be any."

He looked up, startled.

"What do you mean, child?"

"Just that. I'm not going back. I've joined the W.A.T.S.! Thought I'd look rather snappy in a uniform! And I'll live in billets and get my keep and nine and something a week! And I shan't need any clothes, so I've sent all my new things back—together with the bills. So you won't have to worry about them now, daddy—and one less mouth to feed!"

Her gaiety was not forced. Her cheerfulness was absolutely genuine. The war had hit them, so she was ready to do her share, somehow, and no whining. She was ready to relieve her father of one responsibility, at least, and had taken immediate and effective steps to do so. He was deeply touched.

He held out his hand and drew her to him, but, true to her age and generation, she shrank from demonstrativeness. Lightly she implanted a kiss on top of his head.

"By the way," she said, casually, "Peter's gone back to school for O.T.C. drill this evening. He asked me to give you this."

She dropped an envelope into his lap and disappeared. The envelope was addressed simply "Dad." It bulged slightly. Inside were a ten-shilling note, two halfcrowns, a florin and a sixpence. There was also a note.

"Dear Dad,

"Smith Minor's radio isn't worth thirty bob, anyway, so I thought you could find better use for what I've saved towards it. And, by the way, I'm not entering my name for sports day this year, and I've decided that the Junior Selection Committee can get on quite well without me, so forget what I asked you yesterday. Shan't need it.

"But don't forget my rabbits, dad, if you need them.

"Yr. affec. son,

"PETER."

It was hard to still the trembling of his hands as he folded his son's letter. It was hard to quell the tightness in his throat which the utter selflessness of his children provoked. Worlds might change and love prove faithless, but the bond which united a parent to his children was deep rooted, never failing.

With this knowledge he could never be completely desolate—even though Margaret had failed him.

Yet slowly his heart began to bleed again.

There was still no sign of his wife; still no message. He dined in solitary state, spent the evening alternately regretting the impulse which had urged him to try his little experiment, then insisting to himself that it was better that he should know the truth.

And then, some time after dinner, when he had settled down to a solitary pipe by a solitary fireside, she came.

She rapped hesitantly on the door of his study. Her voice, too, was nervous, uncertain. "Stephen!" she called softly. "May I come in? I—I want to talk to you."

"Of course," he answered.

Her face was serene and calm—or so he thought, at first. Then he saw, in the depths of her eyes, a lurking fear.

"Stephen," she said, "I've something to tell you!"

"Well?"

"It's—it's hard. I'm so afraid you'll be hurt, that you won't forgive me!"

"What is it?"

She winced at the abruptness of his voice. She opened her mouth and closed it again. Helplessly, she handed him a slip of paper.

"Take it," she said, simply. "It's for you."

It was a cheque for two thousand pounds.

For a moment Stephen stared, dumbly. Then he looked at his wife. She sat rigid, scarcely daring to breathe, awaiting his verdict with the apprehension of a prisoner in the dock.

"What—is this?"

"My pearls," whispered Margaret.

Then she rose, swiftly. In one graceful stride she was beside him, her hands on his shoulders, her face turned beseechingly up to his white, stunned one. "Darling!" she begged, "please don't be angry! I treasured them as much as you—you know that. But I had to help you somehow, Stephen! I made Michael Rickard take me along to his uncle, the one who owns that huge Bond Street jewellers—I wanted to get it over, without your knowing."

She was crying. Calm, serene Margaret! Tears flowed unchecked down her cheeks.

"Darling, I dreaded telling you! But you're not angry, are you? The money will help you, won't it? I wanted to help you—so badly—and—I've done more than that, Stephen." She plunged. "I've taken my old job with Madame Collette. I'm going to be a dress designer again until things are all right with you."

Something in his eyes gave her courage, that light which had been missing from them lately (due, she knew now, to business worries) had returned. He was looking at her with all his old worship, his familiar adoration.

"You'll have nothing to worry about, Stephen dear. We can give up this house and the servants and take a small flat in town. We needn't deprive the children of anything, if we live modestly ourselves."

"Margaret—you'll do all this—for me?"

His voice shook a little. She reached up and kissed him. She even laughed.

"You silly darling! I'd sweep cross-roads for you. You should have known that."

Yes, he thought, he should have done. It should not have been necessary to take such drastic steps to prove his wife's devotion.

And yet, perhaps, it was worth it, even though he was now faced with the problem of gradually revealing to his family that his fortunes were not so tattered, after all.

A warmth engulfed his doubting heart. A warmth and a shame and a humbleness. He held her close to him, for there were no words to fit a moment like this.

(Copyright)

The answer is—

1—Love-in-a-mist.
2—Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in the Far East.
3—Soup.
4—400.
5—Sulking place.
6—Winston Leonard Spencer.
7—Brownish-yellow.
8—Indo-China.
9—Martin Chuzzlewit.
10—Pertaining to the public revenue.

Questions on page 10

'CALIFIG' WILL GIVE £400 for KIDDIES' PHOTOGRAPHS!

FIRST PRIZE £100 DOUBLED IF YOU SEND LARGE CARTON (see clause 2)

FOUR TYPICAL ENTRIES.

LEND US YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

These prizes are offered because "Califig" wants photos of healthy little Australians for publicity purposes. Photos are needed of average little citizens whose health and happiness can be guarded by "Califig", the pure compound of senna and figs that kiddies love to take. Ever since Grandma's day "Califig", with its delicious flavour, has been the most effective laxative for children and adults. "Califig" is non-habit forming, gentle, and thorough in its action.

What you have to do—

CHILDREN UP TO 14 YEARS OF AGE ELIGIBLE IF PHOTO TAKEN BEFORE 11th BIRTHDAY

Clause 1. Simply send in a studio photo, snapshot or street photo of any living child taken during the period when he or she was under 11 years of age. Photos must be unframed and not larger than 10" x 8" in size. Entries will be accepted of children **who are at present under 14 years** of age, provided the photo was taken **before the child's 11th birthday.**

"CALIFIG" CARTON TO BE ENCLOSED

Clause 2. Each entry must be accompanied by the cardboard front of a "Califig" carton. Either **large** or **small** size is acceptable, but the FIRST PRIZE of £100 will be DOUBLED and made £200 should the winning entry be accompanied by the front of a LARGE SIZE carton. (The Judges will be given no indication as to whether carton front was large or small.)

111 CASH PRIZES TO BE WON

Your little boy or girl has plenty of chances of a prize in this unique Contest. In addition to the big First Prize, there are ten other prizes of £10—and 100 War Savings Certificates at £1 each. Why not win fame and a substantial cash prize for YOUR child?

FREE PHOTOS—SPECIAL OFFER!

If you have no suitable photo at home, "Califig" has arranged for one to be taken FREE. Take the front portion of a "Califig" carton to PARAMOUNT STUDIOS (address in Phone Book), in Sydney, Newcastle, Parramatta, Wollongong, Tamworth, Wagga, Albury, Cessnock, or to NORTON TREVAIRE STUDIOS in Brisbane, Toowoomba or Rockhampton, or to AUSTIN MURCOTT STUDIOS, Melbourne, and a studio portrait will be taken of your child at no cost whatsoever to you.

METHOD OF POSTING
THIS MUST BE STRICTLY OBSERVED

Cut out coupon and sign it. Paste or pin coupon on back of photo. Then write clearly on back of photo the child's name and address, age last birthday and approximate age when photo was taken. Pin or paste a 2d. stamp on *front portion* of "Califig" carton (see illustration of carton) and place it with photo in envelope. If you tuck in flap of envelope and do not seal, you can send 2 ozs. for 1d. or 4 ozs. for 2d. If no envelope of right size is available, use brown paper and thin string for packing photo.

"Califig" is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores, 1/6 and 2/10 a bottle.

CARTON FRONT MUST BE ENCLOSED

LIST OF PRIZES

1st Prize: £100 or £200 (See Clause 2).

10 PRIZES AT £10 EACH (one for each year) for the ten separate age groups between 1 year (or under) and 11 years.

100 £1 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES for the 100 children next in order of merit.

The above prizes will be paid to parents or guardians submitting the photos which the judges consider most representative of average young Australians and most suitable for "Califig" publicity purposes. No child can win more than one prize.

CLOSING DATE

This "Califig" Contest closes on September 22, and will be finally judged on September 24 by Dame Enid Lyons, G.B.E., and representatives from the "Australian Women's Weekly" and the Melbourne "Argus".

Main prizewinners will be notified by wire on September 27, and detailed official results will be posted to ALL competitors immediately after the judging. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this contest. All photos, excepting prizewinners, will be returned, but 2d. stamp must be enclosed with entry.

DAME ENID LYONS G.B.E. beloved of all Australians and the nation's most famous mother, has graciously consented to judge the entries.

CALIFIG
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

THIS COUPON MUST BE ATTACHED TO PHOTO.

To Dame Enid Lyons, G.B.E.,
Califig Contest,
Box 3679-SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

Herewith is my child's entry to the "Califig" Contest with the front of a large/small carton of "Califig" and a 2d. stamp for returning photo, result slips, etc. I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and legally binding, and if my child is a prize winner I agree to allow the photo to be used by "Califig" for publicity purposes should it be desired.

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN _____ G2311

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Brief Return

Continued from page 4

THEY looked very hot and dusty as our highway is not too well tarred. And I noticed as we glided smoothly down hill that the sky had all at once lost the clear hot blue of the past week and had taken on a kind of pearly opaqueness. The air was, if possible, heavier. I thought of rain hopefully. Yet before a summer storm I am always driven and nagged by an inner restlessness and I had it then.

And I remember craning my neck to see the car clock in front and noting with the oddest anxiety that it said twenty minutes after four.

I hoped Jenny would stay at home. I didn't like leaving her. And I didn't like the way she had answered questions that afternoon—evasively, almost defiantly, asking Bill at last if he thought she unbolted the door. He said, no, he supposed not, but his eyes were very clear and small.

When we turned into the village the square of green lawn looked all at once very bright and very green as it does before a storm, yet the sun was still shining and you could scarcely get a breath of air. We went straight to Tom's surgery.

So it was that that particular act of our drama unfolded itself with Tom's shining, white-walled inner surgery for a setting, with its glass-walled cabinets of shining, slender steel instruments, and the big old roll-topped desk which had heard so many stories of life and secrets of death. Tom sat back in the chair and listened, and before I'd got more than a word or two uttered pressed a bell on his desk and told the nurse not to let anyone disturb him.

"I was about to come out to Tenacres," he said. "Surgery hours are over for the day. But I didn't dream it was so important. You see—well, let me have the rest of it. This was yesterday afternoon?"

I told him as much as I could remember of the conversation, if you could give it so civilised a name. And since I had thought of almost nothing else since, and have besides a fairly accurate memory, I don't think I omitted anything.

He listened and didn't question until I'd finished and then said just two things.

"What was it she gave him?"

"I don't know. I can't think——"

And then he said: "I'd better go right away," and he, too, looked at his watch.

"Go—where?" I asked.

"To Alastair's, of course," he answered.

After a moment I said: "I'm going too."

He didn't want me, but he said, after hesitating, that perhaps it would be just as well. "I'll shut up shop. Wait half a minute."

I went out to the surgery and dismissed Joe and then crossed the hall to speak to old Dr. Tucker. I knew the way; everybody in Little Turnford knew the way. And I was annoyed that I hadn't remembered this time to bring flowers from the garden. But his room—wide, old-fashioned, with open windows—was full of flowers with beside the bed a vase of field daisies and pale pink-white roses, the straggling, irregular bouquet of a child. He lay against high pillows, very quiet and peaceful, and smiled at me with his wise, deep-set eyes.

I talked, I remember, of this and that, our garden, the hot weather, his old setter who lay beside the bed and thumped his plumy tail graciously as I came in.

It was only a moment before Tom came.

"I'm going to see Alastair," he said. "I'll be back for dinner." He leaned over his father, taking his hand with fingers that managed gently to touch and measure a pulse, and smiled down. A nurse stepped quietly from some inner room with a book in her hand. The afternoon seemed very peaceful. I wondered how much his father knew of the thing that had engulfed us so blackly.

Driving away beside Tom in his familiar black coupe I thought of the house we had left and the things it stood for with Tom and with the people of Little Turnford. I had never before quite comprehended the importance to Tom of the thing that Basil's return had launched us upon. The importance, that is, to preserve faith in him and in his integrity, as there had always been unquestioning faith in his father. And the importance of saving Jenny whom he loved and whom he wanted to step into the place that was waiting for her there.

He must have guessed something of my thoughts for he said, turning the corner: "It's funny what a hold a place, people you've known, have upon you. Especially when they depend upon you. You can't let them down, somehow. And besides—I—I like it. Being a country doctor, I mean. Knowing them all. Knowing they'll turn to me in need and praying I'll know what to do for them."

He stopped short there, as he always did on the verge of too much revelation, and began to whistle thoughtfully, and once reached along the instrument board and fumbled to open a little cupboard without taking his eyes off the road.

"A match?" I asked, opening the thing.

"No. A revolver. Give it to me, will you?"

It was there. I took it and gave it to him. I didn't say a word and he glanced at me and laughed.

"Don't look like that," he said. "I won't need it."

"Tom, who murdered Basil?" I asked him suddenly.

"I wish I knew," he said, and put his foot down harder on the accelerator. Little drifts of dust settled behind us, and the sky, as we neared the top of the hill, seemed to press down upon us. The sun had gone, but the sky wasn't dark and threatening. It was just grey space that seemed to smother like invisible blankets.

We passed the Tenacres entrance. Tom looked at his watch again, as if my own feeling of the urgency of time had communicated itself to him, and went faster. It wasn't far to Alastair's driveway, and we turned abruptly into the long lane of trees that bent over it—too low, I'd always thought, and too dark. The sky vanished as we entered that dark lane, but still we could feel its oppressive stillness.

We saw no one along the drive, although as we rounded a heavy cluster of cedars I thought I saw a swift black shadow streak across the cleared space behind them, close to the ground, and into another clump of cedars. But if so, its passage and our own were too swift for certain recognition. I craned my neck backwards, but there was nothing. And we sped round the curve to the front door and stopped with a jerk, and Tom turned off his engine so that it was suddenly very still and jumped out of the car.

I followed him and was just behind him as he opened the door upon the long, screened-in porch. Opened it and instantly stopped with the queerest, sharpest jerk.

I couldn't see past his shoulders. All at once I didn't want to see. But at last Tom moved and I couldn't help seeing. For he lay on the middle of the floor—the good side of his handsome, twisted face uppermost for the last time.

Tom knelt down beside him. It was so still everywhere; not a leaf moved or a bird stirred in the trees, and above the grey sky pressed close.

Animal Antics

"Sure, I know it's a fall . . . but whose?"

"He was shot," said Tom. "Through the heart. There's no gun."

I believe I knew that Tom was looking with swift intentness through the pockets of the dreadfully besmirched white coat Alastair wore. For I wasn't exactly surprised when all at once he said something under his breath, got up, holding an envelope in his hand.

He was very white under his tan. He looked at the paper the envelope contained and said: "Oh, heaven—"

I moved a step or two towards him. My skirt rustled lightly. He looked at me as if only then he was conscious of me.

"Go and find her," he said sharply. "She's in the house. Quick."

Nobody was in the hall. Nobody was in the dim depths of the drawing-room. At the end of the hall was a door leading, as I remembered the house, into the pantry, and it seemed to me I heard some kind of sound beyond that door.

My feet tapped loudly across the stretch of polished dark floor. No one was in the pantry, but from it I could see into the kitchen. And a girl in a white dress with red-brown hair, stood at the refrigerator as if she'd just closed it. The kitchen, too, was dark from the heavy trees so close to the house.

I stood there a moment staring at the girl and her white dress. Then she turned. She hadn't heard my entrance and she lifted a glass of milk calmly to her lips and began to drink. And it wasn't Jenny. It was Alice.

It was typical of Alice that she turned when I spoke, looked coolly at me, said "Hello, Cousin Mary. I thought you would find me eventually," in the most unperturbed way and then finished drinking her milk.

And I've never known why her presence in Alastair's house surprised me as it did. There were enough clues pointing to it if I'd only taken note of them. But I was surprised. An hour or so later after the police had got there, hurling themselves along the road that led past Tenacres and into and all about the place. I was still surprised. When, that is, they gave me a chance to think of it.

But there wasn't time then to question and exclaim. And when she understood that I said Alastair was dead—shot—outside, just then, she didn't believe me. She gave me a completely incredulous look. "He can't be. Nobody's been here—it's impossible." She walked out into the hall, brushing coolly past me, to be met by Tom, who convinced her.

It was Tom who did the telephoning. And then we sat there in the hall, Alice and I, with Tom hunting all round the house and the path outside, what for I didn't know, and Alastair's white shoes plainly visible through the doorway. Alice, however, after the first shock of it, was quite self-possessed.

"But didn't you hear any noise?" questioned Tom in one of his returns to us.

She thought she had. But not so clearly as to recognise it or inquire about it.

"The wireless was going," she explained casually. "I was half asleep at the other end of the house. I supposed it was a car or something. I paid no attention to it. But I did rouse and come downstairs for a cool drink."

"And nobody was here?"

"Not a soul. The cook had gone into town to do the marketing. It's the gardener's day off. There wasn't anybody about. Are you sure he's dead, Tom?"

Tom was sure. And then we heard the splutter of the first motor cycles.

Tom met the police patrols who first swept up the drive. Met and explained to them and then all at once in an avalanche Walters and Bates and detectives and policemen all arrived. And, furiously bringing up the rear, the first spate of reporters.

They questioned us a little, but only very quickly and briefly. And they accepted the fact of Alice's presence there with cool reservation. Later they would question her fully; just then there were things that had to be done. It couldn't have been more than an hour after the discovery of Alastair's murder that we—Alice and I, that is—were sent home in a police car.

And on the short way to Tenacres I couldn't question her. There was a policeman at the wheel.

Jenny, to my relief, came at once to meet me. I didn't like the thought of her being alone at Tenacres. But she flung open the door and ran down the steps and stopped short when she saw Alice.

"Found at last," said Alice calmly and stepped down from the car.

"Alice!"

"Oh, it's all right," said Alice.

"What happened?" asked Jenny tensely. "I heard the fuss. Somebody telephoned here for the sergeant——"

"Alastair's been shot," said Alice. "Come into the house, Jenny. It's hot here."

Jenny, white and flinching, sought me for confirmation and I told her, briefly, what I knew. "It was very quick, Jenny. He couldn't have suffered. I doubt if he knew——"

We followed Alice into the house. Jenny's cold little fingers clutched at and held mine. Joe held the door open for us. You'd have thought Alice hadn't been away. He said: "Tea, Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Joe. Lots of it, right away."

I followed Jenny and Alice into the living-room.

"Cousin Mary, I'm sorry — I couldn't help it . . ." Jenny began. "It was the only way, I thought." She meant, of course, Alice.

"She was certain to be discovered, sooner or later," I said.

"I know. But I hoped it would all be over by the time they found her."

"It's worse now than it was," said Alice quite calmly. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if they were to charge me with Alastair's murder, too."

I made her, then, tell me that story that later she told Tom and the police. It was simple and short.

"I went to Alastair that night because I thought he'd help me get away. He advised me to stay overnight at his place and take the morning train. I thought it was a good idea and I did stay. But that night Basil was shot and early the next morning Alastair heard about it and came and told me. So, of course, then I couldn't leave. Everything was watched. I didn't dare even to cable to Robert for fear I would be traced. I wouldn't let Alastair or Jenny cable either.

"Poor Robert," said Alice, sighing and reaching for another cup of tea.

"WHAT he must have suffered! Well, then Jenny and Alastair persuaded me to stay on. They told me I was safe. And I was until—this happened. I don't see how——"

"Alice, have you no idea who killed him?" asked Jenny, tensely.

"No, of course not," said Alice. "Why don't they hunt for the revolver?"

"No doubt they are hunting for every possible clue," I said. "I only hope they find something quite definite and conclusive."

It only happened that, as I spoke, I glanced out of one of the windows and discovered the policeman who had brought us home standing very stiff and straight as if on guard with the sun shining on his buttons. The sight pointed to the rashness of my words. Did I really hope that?

Please turn to page 38

New

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Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of **Orlex Compound**, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

The Australian Women's Weekly
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Brief Return

Continued from page 37

Walters did most of the questioning and it seemed to me the Superintendent's impatience grew with every question. But Alice, with gentle stubbornness, insisted she knew nothing of the murder.

There had been no callers that afternoon; there had been no telephone calls. Alastair had said nothing to indicate any special alarm or anxiety or even nervousness. She had spent the afternoon reading in her bedroom and had just come down to the kitchen for milk when I found her.

"You came by the front staircase?" Walters asked.

"Yes. But you can't see the verandah from it."

I said: "You're sure it was murder? If Alastair committed suicide it would be in the nature of a confession, wouldn't it?"

"The revolver wasn't there," said Walters slowly, as if he would have liked the suicide theory, and, indeed, it would have simplified things all round. "It's possible that that is what the murderer intended. But you and Tom arrived too soon for a suicide scene to be staged. It's the obvious intention—and Alastair must have known something dangerous to the murderer."

The superintendent's chair creaked. He said: "Let's get on, Sergeant. We've been over this. It's getting late. There'll be time for all this checking of facts later."

"In a moment, sir," said Walters, respectfully, and turned to Alice again.

Jenny, taut, listened. And Walters tersely questioned Alice about motives for Basil's murder.

Alice shook her head, continuing to look girlish, and helpless, and pathetic.

"I know of none," she said. And then, thoughtfully, added that of course Cousin Mary would have lost her house and money if Basil had lived.

"You lost a considerable sum of money by your former husband's return, did you not?" inquired Bates, heavily, taking a hand in it.

"Oh," said Alice. "So you know about that! Well, yes, I suppose we would have. It's difficult to say. If Basil had given me a divorce—"

"Would he have done that?" asked Bates point blank, and Alice said sweetly that she imagined so. "We hadn't had a chance to discuss it," she added.

"Apparently you were not going to discuss it," said Bates. "At least not directly."

"You mean, my going straight to Robert?" said Alice. "Well, it seemed to me the only thing to do."

"Mrs. Blake." That was Walters again, eyes very small and blue. "You say you went through the woods that night?"

"Yes."

"You saw no one?"

"No one."

"You weren't near the drive and road bridge, where your husband was shot?" asked Walters.

Alice shook her head positively. "No."

"And you carried your own bag through the woods?"

"Yes."

Walters hesitated and looked at Bates and said: "We may as well show them the note to Collins. It won't do any harm."

Bates frowned and shrugged. "It won't do any good. We've got everything we need. This Collins business is purely incidental. It will all come out later, and you'll see it has nothing whatever to do with the murder."

"It won't do any harm," said Walters stubbornly, and Bates shrugged again.

"Murphy's got it," he said.

Tom's eyes had quickened. Whatever they meant, it was, I felt suddenly sure, news to him. As it certainly was to me. For Bates took a paper the detective withdrew from a pocketbook and it was a note. It was a note addressed to Collins, and written on a typewriter. It was short and badly spelled, and it was a threat—childish in its simplicity. "Silence," it said. "Ore you'll get what Hoolt got."

Tom's face was a study when it got to him, and all at once I remembered him saying he expected, somewhere, something written.

"There were no fingerprints on it except Collins'," said Walters. "It scared him. He denied everything he'd said. I got hold of this today—he gave it up on condition that we protect him."

"Oh, yes," said Bates. "He says now that there was a man with a bag. Or, he says now, a kind of roll, slender, but not long. But Mrs. Hoult says she went through the woods and carried her own bag. And what Collins said he saw was a man entering the woods from the road."

"He got the note," said Walters, "the night after the murder. It was in his letter-box. We haven't yet succeeded in tracing the typewriter used."

Bates got out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "May as well show them the rest of the exhibit," he said to Walters. "And make our arrest. Hurry up, Sergeant."

He said it again impatiently, but with that restrained jubilance, not quite frank and open. And it was exactly like a wire pulling us all taut and upright.

There was a hot, breathless moment, tinged with incredulity. Jenny's hand went to her throat. Alice alone seemed calm and unafraid. And Tom said slowly: "Arrest——"

"Yes, of course." Bates rose ponderously, glanced once at Walters and mopped his forehead again.

"Miss Jenny Shore," he said, heavily and with the oddest formality. "I regret the necessity. I can only advise complete and immediate confession. I arrest——"

"You're mad," cried Tom, all at once at Jenny's side.

"I arrest you for the murder of Basil Hoult," said Bates.

To be continued

It must have been, however, four or five hours before they came. It was a strange, dreadful evening with the darkening, stifling sky hanging right above our heads and no word from anybody the whole time. Dinner was served but we couldn't eat and finally Alice went to her room, offering no more information, and Jenny paced the floor and the kitten followed her up and down on velvet feet—worried and nervous with the approach of the storm. I turned on lights as the house darkened, but they didn't help and the tops of the trees began to murmur a little outside.

Several times Jenny tried to talk to me—disconnectedly.

Once she said: "I ought to have told you. But I couldn't. I was so afraid for her. Poor Alice."

And again: "But it was all wrong. It's worse now than it was before. In the house and alone with him when he was killed."

"That doesn't mean she killed him," I said. "There's no motive, anyway. What possible reason could Alice have had for killing Alastair?"

"None, of course. Poor Alice. She doesn't realise her danger. She's perfectly sure we'll—take care of her. Somehow."

"Well, so long as it's not at your expense, Jenny. Self-immolation can be carried too far." But she only looked at me.

I hadn't questioned Alice about the night of Basil's death. I couldn't. Perhaps I was afraid. I couldn't question Jenny, either. And I didn't know what we could do and revolved a hundred fantastic schemes. I did, however, telephone Rodney, with a vague feeling that we ought to have a lawyer and if Rodney didn't himself want to act in that capacity or didn't feel himself able he could at least advise us.

Rodney had heard of the murder.

"You were there?" he cried.

"No. That is, yes. After he'd been killed."

"Oh. I understood that it was Tom that found the body. Shall I come up, Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Rodney, please do. Right away."

When I got back to the living-room Jenny looked at me strangely. "Is he coming?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I—I suppose we do need a lawyer. What shall we do, Cousin Mary!"

"We can't do anything," I said.

It was about ten when they all arrived almost together. Rodney and Cynthia, who hadn't wanted, she said, to stay alone, were perhaps three minutes ahead of the police and Bates.

The storm hadn't yet broken and it was terrifically hot and sultry.

They came into the living-room. Tom, very white and tired, with his eyes shining and dark, went straight to Jenny. Superintendent Bates was as portentous as the sultry, expectant air, Sergeant Walters so impersonal and remote that he seemed not quite human. But he was sorry, too. I knew that somehow, even then.

Joe, as if it were a party, found seats for them. Cynthia, I remember, sat in the window seat, so that the curtain made a faint shadow on her face.

"You here, Loveday?" said Bates, but didn't object.

And they asked for Alice, at once.

"Who killed him?" I asked Walters rather desperately. And he shook his head.

Alice came down quite composedly. She'd changed to a fresh pink linen gown and looked very pretty and admitted at once that she'd been in hiding at Alastair's house the whole time.

"You went there the night of Mr. Hoult's death?" Bates asked.

"The night he returned," she told him calmly. "Yes."

"And you remained there until this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Alice. "Jenny advised me to stay. And Alastair. It—wasn't exactly my doing. I wanted to go straight to Robert."

"You knew of the investigation into Mr. Hoult's murder?"

"Oh, yes. Jenny and Alastair told me everything."

The Superintendent leaned forward. I don't know why I rather expected him to be kindly disposed to Alice's particular kind of helpless prettiness. But I was wrong, for he wasn't. He was instead very hurried, very hot and yet, in a queer covert way, oddly jubilant. The man knows something, I thought, and it sharpened my sense of danger.

Beside Cynthia the window curtain billowed a little into the room brushing her hands and sinking languidly back again. It was so hot that you could scarcely breathe and the arms of my chair felt sticky.

"Then why," rumbled the Superintendent, "didn't you come forward to tell us what you knew? And spare us the time and effort of searching for you?"

"I'm sorry about that," said Alice. "I only did what I was advised to do. I didn't know — I was alone and helpless. Besides I know nothing of Basil's death."

Tom said tersely: "Alice, when did you go to Alastair's? I mean, what time that night?"

"About two o'clock, I think. Perhaps a little earlier." She paused, but was more than willing to tell her story. "I waited until I felt sure no one was about. The house was perfectly quiet. I took my bag and went downstairs and out through the terrace door. I saw no one. I crossed the footbridge and went through the woods and when I got to Alastair's I rang and knocked. He wasn't there then, but he came a little later. I sat on the verandah and waited. I asked him to take me to the train. He told me it was late and I'd better wait till morning—besides, there were no good night trains. So I waited.

"The next morning the milkman told Alastair about the murder, and he told me. I couldn't leave then. Alastair advised me to stay hidden and Jenny—when he told her I was there—agreed. So, of course, I stayed. I didn't know what else to do."

She looked a little helpless and piteous—or would have done if you didn't know how ably she could take care of herself.

Walters said: "You left here a little before two o'clock, you say. Did you see Mr. Basil?"

Alice widened her eyes and shook her head. "No. I saw no one. I knew nothing of the murder at all."

"You say Mr. Alastair came home then, about two-thirty?"

"About that. I can't be sure."

"You told him, then, of Mr. Basil's return?"

"Yes, of course I did. I had to."

"Mrs. Blake, listen carefully," said Walters. "When you told him of Mr. Basil's return was he surprised? Do you feel certain it was altogether news to him?"

The Superintendent drummed on the chair with his fingers and looked impatient.

Alice hesitated and finally said she couldn't be sure.

"He said he was surprised. I supposed he was."

They left that for the moment and went to the afternoon just passed.

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SATURDAY, August 16.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."
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SALAD CASSOLETTES. This attractive-looking salad dish has a mixture of grated cabbage, carrot, and onion piled into cheese pastry cases. The red pepper in the centre holds the dressing.

Of course you should serve

Salads in Winter

● The modern housewife sees to it that salads are on the family menu the year round. Salads give color, variety and unimpaired food values to meals. Indeed they are chock-full of good health. Here are recipes for appetising salads.

WINTER salads call for more satisfying ingredients than the summer varieties.

For this reason you can make the accompaniments or salad cases give the necessary value to the dish.

Pile your usual summer salad into pastry cases flavored with cheese or anchovy. Serve hot savory scones or hot home-made rolls or salt sticks with your salad combinations. Experiment with fruit and vegetable mixtures.

Give your dressing new piquancy; to your usual cream dressing add horseradish or capers or chutney.

By
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Six medium-sized potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot or onion, ½ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or capers, 1 cup hot cream salad dressing, ½ cup hot thick tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Cook the potatoes in their skins; peel and dice into a hot salad dish. Add the onion, celery and parsley or capers and mix thoroughly with the hot dressing. Top with the hot seasoned tomato puree and Worcestershire sauce. This salad is delicious served in individual hot cheese pastry cases.

HOT CHEESE SALAD

Three tomatoes, 3 apples, squeeze lemon, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 3 tablespoons chopped celery, 4ozs. cheese, paprika, celery curls and parsley, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise.

Cut tomatoes in halves, scoop slightly and season. Grate or dice apples and combine with the lemon juice, onion and celery and combine with mayonnaise and pile on the tomatoes. Melt cheese, adding a tablespoon milk or cream if necessary, and while very hot pour over the diced apple. Sprinkle with paprika and serve at once with parsley and celery curls.

RUSSIAN SALAD FLAN

One cheese pastry flan case, 2 cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup cooked green peas, ½ cup celery, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1½ tablespoons finely-chopped parsley, 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Prepare and cook the open tart or flan case of cheese pastry and allow to cool. Combine the vegetables and mayonnaise and pile into the tart case. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and garnish with wedges of hard-boiled eggs. Serve celery curls and eschalots separately.

SALAD CASSOLETTES

Twelve cheese pastry cases, 3 cups grated cabbage, 1 cup grated carrot, ⅔ cup mayonnaise or cream salad-dressing, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon capers, pepper, salt, nutmeg, paprika.

Prepare the pastry cases and allow to become cold. Season the finely-shredded cabbage lightly with pepper, salt, and a pinch of nutmeg. Combine the mayonnaise, onion, and capers. Pile the cabbage into the cheese pastry cases. Fill the centres with grated carrot and top with mayonnaise and dust with paprika. Or serve mayonnaise separately in container in centre of dish.

MINTED BEET AND ORANGE SALAD

Three seedless oranges, 4 cooked beetroot, 1 small onion, 1 cup diced uncooked celery, 1 tablespoon freshly-chopped mint.

Peel oranges, remove pith, and slice finely. Arrange in overlapping slices in a circle on salad dish. Dice the beetroot, chop onion, and combine with the celery. Pile in centre of the oranges and sprinkle with the finely-chopped mint. An excellent salad to accompany cold veal or lamb.

HAMBURGER PINEAPPLE SALAD

One cup finely-minced meat (raw), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pineapple, lettuce and celery curls, horseradish dressing.

Saute chopped onion in bacon fat. Combine with meat, potato, parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and shape into small round cakes. Cook on griddle or frying pan and cool. Peel and slice pineapple, and arrange a hamburger on each slice. Top with mayonnaise and serve with lettuce and celery.

SATURDAY NIGHT SALAD

One dozen pickled onions, 1 head celery, 2 cups diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup picked prawns, lemon, lettuce, piquant dressing.

Combine prawns and potato and moisten with dressing and lemon juice. Pile into lettuce cups and top with dressing. Arrange around piled celery curls and pickled onions.

HOT COLE SLAW

Three cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup grated apple, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup cream, buttered toast fingers.

Combine the cabbage, apple, salt, pepper, lemon rind and juice, and vinegar and mix well. Stir in the cream and heat thoroughly and quickly. Serve at once with fingers of hot buttered toast.

PEPPER POT RELISH SALAD

Two cups diced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon mixed horseradish, 1 cup diced beetroot, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup of apple chutney, crisp salad greens.

Combine the meat, horseradish, beetroot, onion, parsley, and mayonnaise. Place in individual services in nests of salad greens. Top each service with a spoonful of chutney.

APPLE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD

Four ounces cream cheese, 2 apples, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 3 small tomatoes and crisp salad greens.

Peel, core, and grate the apples finely and combine with the cheese, parsley, and onion. Mould into a roll, wrap in greased paper, and chill thoroughly. Serve in slices with tomato wedges and crisp salad greens.

NEW ENGLAND SALAD

One cup diced cooked lamb, 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 cup diced cooked beetroot, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 2 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, mayonnaise, chopped nuts.

Prepare crisp lettuce cups and pile the combined lamb, vegetables and chopped eggs into the cups. Top with mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

but it's Rough on Young Digestions

CAKES and sweets ice-cream and dainties all so very, very tempting . . . and very, very nice. But they mean trouble for sensitive young tummies unless Nature can free the system of acid-forming waste.

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DELICIOUS SWEET RECIPE...

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

All you have to do to enter our weekly best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Remember to give ingredients, method, and cooking time. If for an oven dish, give approximate oven heat.

● Wins first prize in our weekly competition. This exciting recipe contest is open to all our readers, so you, too, can enter simply by sending us your pet recipe. You may win a cash prize with it.

RHUBARB MARSHMALLOW TART

Line a tart plate with a good shortcrust and bake in usual way. Allow to cool, then fill with the following:

Cut rhubarb into small pieces and measure two heaped cupfuls. Put in a saucepan or double saucepan with 4oz. sugar and 1 tablespoon water. Cook gently until tender, stir in 1½oz. plain flour mixed with 1 dessertspoon castor sugar and enough cold water to form a smooth paste (about ½ cup). Add a little grated lemon rind. Stir gently over heat for a few minutes, then remove from stove and allow to cool a little. Add 1 dessertspoon butter and the yolk of an egg, and cook mixture a little longer just to set egg, but do not boil. When cold, fill tart case. Put 4oz. marshmallows in a double saucepan and when only just melted remove from pan, add 1 egg-white beaten to stiff froth, and beat until cold. Spread over prepared tart, sprinkle with coconut and brown under a hot griller or place in a very hot oven for a few minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

SAVORY MACARONI TART

Line a pie-plate with good short pastry, prick bottom well with fork, and bake in brisk oven until pastry is cooked and is pale golden-brown.

Have ½lb. macaroni well cooked in salted water; drain and mix with ½ cup good white sauce; season to taste with pepper and salt, and mix in ½lb. grated cheese. If liked a little finely-minced onion and a tablespoon of chutney or 1 heaped teaspoon of curry powder may also be added. Fill tart case, sprinkle thickly with more grated cheese, and put into moderate oven until well heated through.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Oram, 40 Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

RHUBARB AND HONEY WITH RAISIN SAUCE

Peel and cut 1 bunch rhubarb into small lengths, barely cover with water, add 2 tablespoons honey and a little grated orange rind.

Cook slowly till tender. Put into piedish, sprinkle with nutmeg, cover thickly with cornflakes, dot with butter, and lightly brown in moderate oven.

Raisin Sauce: Simmer 1 cup raisins in cup of water till tender, add 1 dessertspoon honey and cook slowly for 15 minutes; add juice 1 orange and bring to boil before serving with rhubarb.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Lobsey, 30 Griffen Lane, Tamworth, N.S.W.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: If you have a pleated shirt like the one worn here by Linda Hayes, RKO, you'll find it a marvellous help in ironing if you use paper clips—the kind used in offices—for holding the pleats in place. Simply work the pleats into position first with the fingers, secure at the hem end with the paper clips and then iron.

SAGO MEAT PUDDING

Four ounces sago, 1 cup stock, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 2oz. shredded suet or butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup milk, 1 onion (minced), 2oz. minced bacon, and 6oz. of any minced meat or rabbit, salt and pepper to taste, a little thyme.

Soak sago overnight in stock, mix in other ingredients, add baking powder to milk, and mix well in, making a fairly stiff mixture. Put in buttered basin and steam 3½ hours. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce or a rich brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knights, 60B Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

YORKSHIRE SUPPER DISH

Half-pound sausages, 4 eggs, 4 tomatoes.

Remove sausage skins; divide meat in four; shape them in round flat cakes. Brush with beaten egg and coat in breadcrumbs. Fry crisp golden-brown in hot fat; drain well. Take tomatoes and cut slice off both ends of each. Have eggs hard-boiled, shell, and cut a little off one end of these also, so that they stand firm. Place sausage cakes in dish, arrange on each a tomato, then on each tomato an egg. Reheat in a hot oven 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Gosden, 10 Sturt Ave., Monreith, S.A.

GINGER SHORTBREAD CREAMS

Half-pound butter, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons ginger, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add egg and syrup, then flour, soda, and ginger sifted together. Put through forcer, and bake in slow oven till cooked. Join together with cream icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. G. Alexander, 23 Elizabeth St., Launceston, Tas.

SAVORY PUFFS

One onion, 1 tomato, pepper and salt, 1 potato, 1 egg, self-raising flour.

Grate onion, tomato, and potato, add beaten egg and pepper and salt to taste. Add to this sufficient self-raising flour to make a batter. Have ready pan of hot fat and drop spoonfuls of mixture in and fry a golden brown. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to H. Williams, Cranbrook, W.A.

BEETROOT-AND-APPLE PIE

Boil two large beets till tender, remove skins and cut into thin slices. Pare and core 3 apples and slice thinly. Dip beet slices into golden syrup and line bottom of piedish with them. Place on these a layer of apple slices (also dipped in golden syrup) and continue in alternate layers till dish is full. Cover with short pastry and bake. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

SNOWBALLS

Two ounces butter, small cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons golden syrup, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, small cup milk, level teaspoon carbonate soda, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs, then syrup, cocoa, milk, soda, then flour. Half fill patty-pans and bake in moderate oven. When cold roll in chocolate icing, then roll in coconut. Fill with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Cairns, 95 Prospect Hill Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

BEEF PATTIES WITH BANANAS

Season 2lb. minced beef with salt, pepper, and grated onion. Moisten with slightly-beaten egg and shape into cakes. Wrap with bacon slices and fasten with toothpicks. Place in hot oven, brown on both sides, then cook at lower temperature until almost done. Peel 4 bananas, sprinkle with lemon juice, and place in pan with meat. Bake in slow oven until bananas are tender and meat is done. Serve on large dish. Garnish with watercress.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Skewes, 164 Chapple St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

OH GOODIE! I PICKED A FAVOURITE WHEN I REMEMBERED

CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

RECIPE FOR COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE (NO COOKING NEEDED)

5 ozs. Pure COPHA (melted)
½ lb. Icing Sugar
1 Egg
1 Heaped Dessertspoon of Cocoa
Essence of Vanilla to flavour
½ lb. Coffee, Malt or other suitable biscuits. (These should be softened by exposure.)

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla, then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with greaseproof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

CUT OUT AND PASTE IN RECIPE BOOK.

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Simple treatment for that . . .

BRITTLE NAIL PROBLEM

● This common trouble may be due to poor health, carelessness when you work, or just sheer neglect. The article below tells you how to get your nails in attractive healthy condition again if they are brittle and breaking.

By . . . JANETTE

REALLY LOVELY hands like these can be just as attractive and as much a part of your personality as a beautiful face. Well-groomed nails—in healthy condition and carefully lacquered—are an essential for hand loveliness. The article on this page tells you how to keep your nails in good condition.

DO be fastidious about your nails. Healthy, beautifully kept nails are indicative of high vitality, as well as good grooming.

Broken, lustreless nails betray carelessness or warn you that you are running down physically.

How long is it since you had a thorough medical overhaul?

The condition of your nails will tell your family doctor more than you realise.

USE AN EMERY board like this for shaping your nails, and don't file too closely into the sides.

Flat nails may indicate a weakness of the nutritive system.

Highly-arched nails, on the other hand, show good assimilation.

Curved, thin nails may need an extra supply of calcium. Lots of milk will give you extra doses of this very necessary mineral.

To be on the safe side, see your doctor if your nails seem to be in a very bad condition—thin and peeling or brittle and easily broken—and ordinary care doesn't improve matters.

Attention to grooming

WHEN your general health has been checked up by your doctor, it's up to you to do what you can to speed on the outward signs of good nail grooming.

There are some preventive measures you can begin to-day. When did you last "do" your nails?

If your polish is a two-coated or three-coated application put on a week ago, remove it to-night at bedtime.

Then give the nails a stimulative treatment.

Soak the hands for a while in lukewarm water made soapy with a good mild soap, and to which you have added a teaspoon of olive or almond oil. Then rinse in clear water, dry carefully and push back the cuticles with a cotton-tipped orange-wood stick.

HAND MASSAGE with oil or cream working from wrists and finishing at the fingertips is excellent both for hands and fingernails.

You'll find that after the soaking in water little odd bits of cuticle will loosen and can be wiped off with the orange-wood stick. The oil in the water also soothes and softens the cuticles and makes them easier to push back into place.

Now massage into nail base, sides and tip either a nail salve or nail oil. Allow the excess to remain overnight.

Next morning give the hands and nails another quick cleansing in oily soapy water.

Dry carefully, and apply new polish.

Here's a method that is especially expert and swift. It should take you no more than seven minutes.

These are the steps in detail: First, with a full brush make a wide stroke across the base of the nail.

Then, while the first stroke is still wet, bring the brush quickly down one side of the nail to the very tip.

Practice will give you skill enough to prevent your spreading the polish on the skin at the side of the nail.

Last, before either first or second stroke has had time to dry, draw the brush quickly down from the first stroke.

This covers the line of the second stroke and adorns the entire nail. Three strokes will do.

ABOVE: When you apply nail polish, do it in three deft strokes. Draw a full brush across the lower part of the nail first, and with two strokes finish the nail from base to tip. This is the method used by Rita Hayworth, Warner Bros., photographed here.

CLEANSE YOUR NAILS with a soft brush, as shown here, and use mild soap and water. A hard brush scratches the polish and injures the cuticle.

Guard your nails against everyday nail hazards that breed flakiness, peeling and brittleness.

Housewives who use abrasives in cleansing should always shield their hands with rubber gloves.

Bed-making, time and again, is responsible for injuring the nails.

Remembering this, protect the nails against needless bangings and bumps.

Protect against scratches

A NAIL may start peeling (nails grow in layers, you know) from an uncared-for scratch on a kitchen cabinet.

The sharp edge of stiff paper may cause a hangnail. Picture wire has succeeded in ruining many a pretty nail.

Finally, do keep the cuticles pushed back. Soothing oils can penetrate and nourish the nail bed only if they can reach it.

Overgrown, harsh, stubborn cuticles can really deny the nails their healthy growth.

The more brittle your nails, the more oil should be theirs.

A daily ten-minute soaking in warm nail or olive oil is an excellent restorative treatment to which broken nails will quickly respond.

As an additional precaution, allow the nails to grow out at the corners instead of filing them close at either side.

For Young Wives and Mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Mistake of early weaning

IT is a tragic fact that large numbers of babies are weaned at a very early age for quite inadequate reasons.

Late lactation, breast abscesses, temporary illness of the mother, etc., certainly present difficulties for breast-feeding," but usually do not provide sufficient excuse for early weaning.

Every effort should be made before breast-feeding is abandoned and baby is subjected to the risks attending artificial feeding in the early days to continue to breast-feed.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. Breath-taking beauty is not so important as to know how to fascinate and appear well-groomed—with a petal-soft skin. Fortunate then is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to bring her complexion to perfection. Only in the heart of a rose will you match such velvet softness. Only in the depths of a garden at the close of day will you find a fragrance so delicate and appealing.

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1/-

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A SMART American design that will bring unexpected charm to your supper table.

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36in. x 36in. cloth, 7/6 each.
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Plus 3d. for postage.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

SMALL TRAY SET

PRETTY little sets can work miracles in brightening your home and the attractive one photographed at the left is so easy to make that you will really enjoy doing it.

This charming set is available from our Needlework Department, traced on sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. It is also obtainable traced on organdie in white, blue, green, and lemon.

THIS effective traymobile or tray cover is available now from our Needlework Department, traced on sheer linen or organdie.

Traymobile cloth, 14in. x 25in., sheer linen 4/6, organdie 2/6. Cloth, 11in. x 17in., sheer linen 2/6, organdie 2/-. Tea-cosy, 13in. x 10in., sheer linen 3/9, organdie 2/9. Serviette, 11in. x 11in., sheer linen 1/3, organdie 9d each. Plus 3d. postage.

Work the design in stem-stitch in a bright contrasting shade to the material chosen.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT ALLERGY

PATIENT: My fiance suffers from asthma, and he seems to get an attack every time he sees me. His doctor did skin tests on him and they showed that he was allergic to face powder. What is allergy?

Doctor: Your fiance has inherited an allergic condition which makes him "sensitive" to face powder.

There are two things to do. First, change your powder. If this does not stop the attacks of asthma then your fiance should have a series of injections to "desensitise" him.

The injections should be prepared from extracts of face powder and other things to which the skin tests showed him to be sensitive, and which he cannot avoid.

Asthma due to being allergic to face powder is fairly common. A well-known actress used to find that she developed an asthma attack every time she went on to the stage to play her part. Her doctor found that her attacks were due to the special powder that she used to apply on top of her make-up the last thing before she went on the stage. She changed her powder and the attacks ceased.

Not all cases of asthma are as easy as that one, unfortunately.

The best explanation of allergy is the saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

Asthma is only one of the forms of allergy. Hay fever and hives (urticaria) are also allergic diseases.

In hay fever (the scientific name is paroxysmal rhinorrhoea) the exciting substance is usually a grass pollen. That's why there is a "season" for hay fever, usually in the springtime, but varying with different grasses and climates.

These pollen grains are produced in enormous numbers and have been found in samples of air taken ten miles out to sea, and half a mile up in the air.

With hives the allergic tendency shows itself as "nettle rash" sort of lumps in the skin. We have all heard of people who break out into a rash every time they eat oysters or crayfish.

Common causes

CHILDREN sometimes get hives from tomatoes, strawberries or mangoes. Chocolate and milk are also common causes. The child who is sensitive to milk is specially unfortunate because there is no substitute for milk in the child's diet. Every child needs at least a pint of milk every day.

The most recent and helpful discovery is that many headaches are due to an allergy—usually to a food type.

The commonest foods to which some headache sufferers are sensitive are chocolate, tea, cabbage, eggs, and almonds. Some forms of indigestion can be due to allergy, too.

It is for this reason that when children refuse one particular food mothers should be cautious before insisting that the child eat it. Sometimes children have an instinct which recognises the food to which they are sensitive.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS' urge to play "mothers" is affording an opportunity for them to learn how to care for younger children—to handle, bathe and dress them. But learning curling is Emilie's own idea, and here she tries to curl her doll's hair.

The allergic tendency is passed on by heredity. If a man has asthma, it does not mean that his children will have asthma, but it does mean that his children will have an allergic tendency.

If they don't suffer from asthma, they may have hay fever, or hives, or headaches.

This new knowledge of allergy has saved thousands of sufferers from these allergic forms of ill-health and discomfort. The charm of this new knowledge is that it gets down to the cause of the trouble and doesn't merely relieve the attack like most "remedies" do.

The fiance in the case above was fortunate that the cause was found. Sometimes the cause cannot be discovered so easily.

Even skin tests do not always show it. But by noticing the effect of various things with which a sufferer comes in contact the cause can usually be suspected.

When a doctor treats asthma, hives, or hay fever he becomes a detective. He seeks the cause. That is the way of modern medicine.

Start baby right . . .

in these soft protective weaves

From the day they are born, babies are safe and cosy in genuine English Viyella and Clydella. No amount of washing can shrink or thicken these dainty fabrics, nor "yellow" the popular cream qualities. See also the plain colours and new check and floral designs.

Cream Viyella: 27" 31" 36"
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Cream Clydella: 27" 31" 35"
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If unable to obtain locally, write for free patterns to Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., Box 3335 PP, G.P.O., Sydney. For Nursery Knitting Book, enclose 6d. plus 1d. postage (in stamps).

If—they shrink, we replace

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Enchanting frock . . .

OBTAINABLE from our Needlework Department, it is available traced on good-quality linora, which washes and launders beautifully. Also on winceyette in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The pattern and embroidery design are very clearly marked ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Do this in a contrasting shade to the material chosen.

Frock (linora or winceyette).—Sizes 1-2 years, 3/3; 2-4 years, 3/11; 4-6 years, 4/6.

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Or complete set comprising frock and pants, 1-2 years, 4/3; 2-4 years, 5/-; 4-6 years, 6/-. All plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/6 complete; embroidery transfers, 1/3 each.

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A modern Sir Walter said, "Ooh!
"Permit me to fasten your shoe!"
He went on, "I admit
"Those stockings have 'It,'
"They're by Kayser—their fit is so true!"

Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND *woman now . . . I insist on* KAYSER

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LAMPSHADES

. . . you can make

● It's so easy to give a room atmosphere with some inexpensive table lamps. Have some pretty vases equipped with the necessary electrical fittings and then get plain parchment shades and decorate them yourself. Here are some ideas.

RIGHT: This effective lampshade is simply one of plain parchment in a natural tone decorated with little rounds of brightly-colored felt arranged in geometric design. The top and bottom of the shade are finished with strips of felt cut on the cross.

ABOVE: To make a new shade use an old one as a pattern. Place the old shade flat on the new parchment and outline with pencil.

TO MAKE THE ROUNDS for the shade shown above, cut the pieces out of odd bits of felt—your old hats will do for this—and stick them to the parchment with seccotine. The bindings are put on after the shade is joined up.

ANOTHER IDEA for decorating a lampshade and ideal for the nursery. Cut out figures from wallpaper,—flowers or nursery characters—and simply glue to the shade. Finish the top and bottom of shade with a plain binding of colored wallpaper.

Miniature water gardens

● With spring in the offing, gardeners are naturally looking round for ideas that will improve the appearance of their summer displays. Let me suggest a miniature water garden.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE LOVELY BLUE LOTUS (Nymphaea stellata) of India, which will flower when grown in a tub almost anywhere in Australia.

IT is perhaps in the cultivation of small gardens that the greatest pleasures are to be found, for in those cases every plant is an intimate friend and can be afforded individual attention.

This applies equally well to the water garden. A tiny pool under one's eye excites greater interest—even if less admiration—than the larger ones, for its treasures may be more easily examined and their progress closely studied.

This is one of the reasons why water gardens in tubs and concrete troughs of good appearance have become so popular in recent years, although the fact that they take up such a small space probably recommends them in certain cases.

They are quickly and inexpensively set up, and with very little trouble an old wooden cask or barrel cut in halves, zinc tank, or cistern can be transformed into a most attractive little pool.

Where very young children have access to the garden, these pools should be securely wired over to prevent a tragedy, for tiny tots always want to see the fishes in the pools, and even a couple of feet of water is sufficient to drown some youngsters.

Old wine, beer, vinegar or pickling casks are the best to use. They should be cut down to about 24 inches from the ground. Tubs that have held petrol, oils, or liquid soaps should be avoided, as it is impossible to get these substances out of the wood.

The tubs should be thoroughly scalded with boiling water and plenty of alkaline soap, and given a scouring with sand. Liming is also advised where vinegar has been stored in the barrel, as neither plants nor fish like acid conditions.

Having cleaned the tub, choose a sunny position in the garden and excavate the soil to the required depth. The soil should be taken out to such a depth that the tub when lowered will have four to five inches of earth above the brim. This will allow for marginal planting to disguise the edges.

If preferred, the gardener can leave the tub on the surface and build an ornamental but disguising rockery all round and well above the brim. Such miniature water gardens are more easily managed than those that are sunk in the ground, although the task of disguising them is not easy and depends much upon the gardener's skill in arranging rocks, lumps of quartz, and in planting alpine varieties that will take possession of them in a few years.

Then place 4 to 5 inches of screened turfy loam at the bottom of the tub. Any fibre it contains should be sieved out, as this stuff floats and makes the water foul. A handful of coarse bonemeal and some crushed charcoal should be added and well mixed in with the soil.

Charcoal has fertilising properties as well as sweetening stagnant water. The soil should be damp and pressed down firmly to prevent it working loose when the water is added.

Everything is then ready for planting. Care should be taken not to overcrowd such a small water garden. One water-lily of a robust type will usually fill such a tub in a few years, but for a start one lily, two decorative aquatics, and two or three submerged types for oxygenating the water are sufficient. If found to occupy too much room they can be thinned out later.

For the water-lily, any of the Laydeckeri varieties are suitable. Most good nurserymen catalogue these. The plants are not exactly cheap, ranging, usually, from 3/6 up to 15/-, according to the variety chosen. They can be obtained in white, yellow, pink, rose, red, and varying shades of blue.

Stellata, a lovely blue, is worth considering, also Conqueror (red tinged with white), Chromatella (yellow), Alba (white), and Lucida (deep pink). In every case be guided by your nurseryman as to the suitability of the varieties chosen, for some of them require warm climates and do not thrive in cool districts.

But it can be said that there are water-lilies that will thrive in every part of Australia, from the coolest parts of Tasmania to the tropical north, where some of the loveliest of all are grown.

Some of them flower at night only, and these are usually the most fragrant. The blooms of some of these varieties are carried on very long stems and are of enormous size when fully open.

ALWAYS LOOKS SMART—

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He undermines the enemy at his seat of government—he plants implements of destruction at his rear—he watches his opportunity with breathless intent. BUT beware of Fifth Columnists on the home lighting front. They entice you to buy cheap light bulbs under the guise of economy and threaten your home with frequent black-outs. It is sabotage! Avoid the pitfalls. Buy only dependable MAZDA lamps—for long service and efficient light. MAZDA Lamps are made in Australia—THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!

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